THE TWO-MINUTE HORSE

1922

MILLARD SANDERS

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THE TWO-MINUTE HORSE

Lou Dillon 1:58½—Millard Sanders

THE TWO-MINUTE HORSE

A History of the six Two-Minute Trotters
and the fourteen Two-Minute Pacers
to the close of the year 1921

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THE FINAL MILE

O Mighty Monarchs of the Equine Race,
Just when will come the zenith of your flight?
What voice will guide your flying feet apace,
And prompt you in your crowning trial aright?
What deft and clever wizard of the reins
Will urge you onward with uncanny hand?
What blood will course within your royal veins,
And who will view your triumphs from the stand?
What of the track and where the test?
When will you reach the dizzy heights sublime?
What starting judge will find you at your best,
And where will stop the second hand of time?

This much I know, your freedom's near
From toil and hardship that has long been yours,
And to supplant them there will soon appear
The rare devotion that so long endures.
And you, divorced from baser parts,
From war, and strife, and greed and pelf,
Will be enshrined within the hearts
That love you for yourself.
And when that roseate day shall fall
And all is ready for the final mile,
I know the Great Presiding Judge of all
Will look down from those pearly gates and smile.

—*Walter Palmer.*

SCORING FOR THE WORD

IN preparing this volume the object in view was, largely, to put in lasting form something in the way of a brief history not so much of the public career of the trotters and pacers that have taken records of two minutes or better (though that has not been slighted) as of the "making" of them.

Of these trotters and pacers there are (January, 1922) an even score, of which six are trotters. The period covered by this list of twenty is a quarter of a century—it was in 1897 that Star Pointer, driven by Dave McCleary, started the two-minute list by pacing a mile in 1:59¼ at Readville, Mass., over the same track on which, six years later, Lou Dillon, driven by Millard Sanders, with a mile in "even time" instituted the two-minute list of trotters.

During that quarter of a century, either by developing the horses or carrying them on and driving them to their records, a notable array of trainers have shone in their chosen calling, and written their names indelibly on the scroll of fame in the world of the light-harness horse.

To these men, as well as to the breeders and owners of the two-minute horses, this book is dedicated and it is meant to be a tribute of respect no less than a chronicle of the deeds of men and horses and a story of how these great performers were trained and conditioned.

No attempt has been made to go too deeply into details, this work concerning itself more particularly with the two-minute portion of the history of each horse. That the work

has its defects need not be denied but they are minor and that the volume contains much of great value is equally true.

It is the hope of him who conceived it that it may present much that the young trainer, perhaps the older one as well, may find of value to him in his chosen profession for it is a certainty that while the ambition of every trainer is, primarily, to develop race winners, his ever abiding hope is that some day he may have the high honor of taking before the public a two-minute horse.

In conclusion it is fitting that every one who has assisted in getting together the data for this volume be given heartfelt thanks. Without that kind assistance the work could not have been done at all. And the hope is indulged that the reception of the volume by the public will be as hearty as was the response of those who were asked to furnish some of the material.

THE TWO-MINUTE TROTTERS

LOU DILLON
MAJOR DELMAR
UHLAN
LEE AXWORTHY
PETER MANNING
ARION GUY

But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare
That she showed them all the way.
—Walter Thornbury.

LOU DILLON

World's Champion Trotting Mare
Record 1:58½

FRANK TURNER, of the Santa Rosa Stock Farm, bridle-broke the great mare Lou Dillon when she was trying out baby trots at her mother's side and Millard Sanders was her maestro, and he was more to his noble pupil. He passed down into the springs of her being and there awoke a latent thing called life; he flexed her growing muscles and taught them their lightning play over the surface of her supple limbs. He found a soul. He calmed her when she was impatient, he ruled her when she was wayward and with the infinite tenderness of love he lifted her out of the crudities of youth and attuned her to action faultless and marvelous. He became a part of her—an elemental blending of man and horse—a new creation vibrant in its dual unity; and in that grand harmony of mind and matter she trod the chords arising to a symphony of wondrous theme and tone, and the rhythm of her hoof-beats was heard around the world."

This rhapsody, born of the enthusiasm of the moment, Tom Gregory, of California contributed to the Santa Rosa (Cal.) Republican at the time Lou Dillon became the world's first two-minute trotter. And more recently "Markey" said of her:

"Lou Dillon was the airiest, most buoyant thing of flesh and blood that has ever appeared among the trotting genus. Her action, poise and carriage suggested flying rather than trotting. There was about her a dash and spirit which no trotter, not even the superb Uhlan, could hope to rival. She

trotted with the ease and facility with which a thoroughbred runs. I doubt if any other trotter ever gave to both uninitiated and initiated observers such thrills as did the little chestnut mare."

The following story of Lou Dillon was prepared recently by Millard Sanders, who, as perhaps everybody knows, taught her from colthood and made her the first two-minute trotter:

"Before beginning the story of Lou Dillon it may, perhaps, be well to go back to the few years prior to her advent and note what the opinion was as to the probability of ever seeing a mile trotted in two minutes. There may have been some among the many thousands of horse enthusiasts who believed such a thing to be among the future possibilities. But as I recollect it they were very few and scattering. As a matter of fact I do not recall a single one among my wide acquaintance who even allowed himself to dream that there ever would be a trotted mile in two minutes. True, in 1897, Star Pointer had paced a mile in 1:59¼ but the general belief was that the pacer had four or five seconds more speed than the trotter—that is, the pacing gait was that much the speedier. I believe it had been 'scientifically' figured out that the trotter would never reach the two-minute mark.

"Those who were not active in the field of the trotter cannot begin to imagine the furore Lou Dillon created all over the land, all over the world, in fact, when she trotted in two minutes at Readville. The target at that time was the 2:02¼ world's record of Cresceus and almost any owner would have been delighted to have his horse trot a mile in 2:02 for that would have given him the championship. My faith in the coming of the so-called impossible made me the subject of many good-natured jibes. But the two-minute trotter arrived and she took her championship honors, not by a small part of a second but by two and a quarter seconds. Naturally that wonderful mile was a great event. The press acclaimed it and the horse world took on new life and greater animation.

"The effect the arrival of the two-minute trotter had upon the men who had long been identified with training is best

illustrated by an incident which occurred at Lexington, Ky., the fall of 1903. 'Uncle' George J. Fuller, noted as the trainer of many good horses, dating his career back to the time of Scott's Thomas and including the great four-year-old Patron 2:14¼, came to my stable for a brief visit. When he came in he said to me: 'Millard, I came from my home in Tennessee, to see what I never expected there would be—a two-minute trotter. I want to look at her and lay my hand on her and then I will be content to go back to my home.' There were many of the old guard who felt about it as he did, which was that the impossible had come to be possible, but when it came to pass they were just like the rest, wildly enthusiastic and they helped make me believe what I had done was worth while.

"I first saw Lou Dillon at Santa Rosa Stock Farm. She was then three and the farm trainer, who was driving her had her fitted up with all kinds of rope rigging. She was a great one to shake her head and to be controlled was often thrown. Mr. Henry Pierce came to me and asked if I could drive her without fighting her or throwing her. I did not know that I could but I agreed to try and so she came into my hands. I harnessed her without a check, drove her on the road for a while, cured her of her worst habits and started to train her to trot the spring she was a four-year-old. Almost at once she contracted pneumonia and for three weeks lay at the point of death, coming through a mere skeleton. When she had regained some of her strength she was again put in training. She acted kindly but she would not score—would just go on a little gallop and that she persisted in for nearly a month. Then I made up my mind I had to do something to cure her of 'acting up' when she was turned at the wire. This was at the Pleasanton track and one day there I tried for two hours to get her away on a trot. No one may believe it but in all that time I did not lose my temper for as much as an instant. I then drove her off the track and into the stable and got a good whip then drove back to the track for another half hour of refusing to score on a trot. Then I decided on what to do. Turning her at the usual place for scoring I hit her six stout raps with the whip, just

as sharp as I could make them and let her run. Like a deer she covered about twenty-five yards and landed in a very fast trot.

"Pulling her up at the first turn I dismounted, petted her, gave her some sugar and some grass, then remounted and turned her at the score once more. That time she scored beautifully the first time asked and trotted like she meant it. I had promised myself that as soon as she scored properly I would end her work for the day so I took her to the barn. This was in the early Spring of 1902 and before we left California she worked for me in 2:22.

"It was the intention to send her to the ranch for the summer as I was to race the Henry Pierce horses in the East, on shares, and she was not considered good enough to take to the races under that sort of contract. But Mr. Pierce finally declared that Lou would come East if any of his other horses came and accordingly she was shipped along with Anzella, Janice, Sir Albert S. and others, to Cleveland. I did not give her a thought as a race mare but one morning at the Glenville track, just before shipping to the Blue Ribbon races at Detroit I worked her a mile in 2:11. Johnny Ray, the famous comedian and one of harness racing's most devoted followers came to me after seeing that work and offered $5,000 for the mare. All I could tell him was that I would wire his offer to Mr. Pierce, which I did advising against selling. Mr. Pierce's answer was: 'Use your judgment, you are on the ground.'

"So I kept her and when we reached Baltimore I worked her a mile in 2:08½, the last half in 1:01 and refused an offer of $10,000 for her. I worked her along as the day and track suited and soon began to realize that she was a wonderfully fast trotter so from the day of that realization she was trained with the coming year in view. At Lexington in early October she worked a mile in 2:08 and E. E. Smathers offered $15,000 for her. That offer, after wiring Mr. Pierce and getting his answer, was declined.

"The week of the Memphis meeting I was working her one morning and Mr. Geers was out with The Abbot 2:03¼ and the late Jack Curry was working Prince Alert. Asking

them how fast they intended to go they said in 2:10 and I asked to work the little mare with them. The look of incredulity which came on the faces of those two veteran drivers I shall never forget. Well—we went to the half in 1:08 and the last half was in 1:00½ and Lou was going easy all the way. In a few moments Mr. Smathers came to the stable and made an offer of $20,000. Telegraphing Mr. Pierce the offer I advised against selling and he replied telling me to use my own judgment, so that very generous offer was also refused and the mare was shipped to California at the close of the Memphis meeting.

"When I met Mr. Pierce in San Francisco on my return to the coast he asked me if I candidly thought Lou a great mare and I quickly replied that I thought her to be the fastest trotter in the world and that she would trot in two minutes. Mr. Pierce replied that she was not for sale and that if he thought she was the coming two-minute trotter money would not buy her. He was more than wealthy and was probably one of the best horse owners that ever lived. He spent a lot of money on horses yet had never before bred or owned one of high class. So he said: 'I am worth a lot of money and money is no object to me. If I could sell her for $100,000 I would rather own her when she trots in two minutes than have that sum in the bank.'

"He looked at Lou much as Splan did at Rarus when he had priced that great trotter to Robert Bonner, that gentleman saying: 'Mr. Splan, $40,000 is a lot of money.' To which Splan replied: 'Yes, Mr. Bonner, but thousands of men in New York have $40,000 yet only one man can have Rarus.'

"In the book made by the grim reaper no favorites are played. In about ten days after my conversation with Mr. Pierce he contracted pneumonia and it soon proved fatal, thus ending all plans he may have made as well as his pardonable ambition to be the owner of a two-minute trotter. Lou Dillon and all his other horses had to be sold and they were shipped in the late Spring of 1903 to Cleveland to be dispersed at the May sale.

"Another disappointment awaited me at the sale. Mr.

Ira Pierce, brother of Mr. Henry Pierce, had promised to buy Lou Dillon for me and told me if I wanted her, to buy her at any price. I had made up my mind to go to $25,000 but a few minutes before the mare was offered he advised me that he would not furnish the money and there was no time to get it elsewhere. In consequence the mare was sold at a sacrifice to Mr. C. K. G. Billings, for $12,500 and she has had no other owner. When the little mare was led out to be sold you may be sure I was not in much of a talking humor but I did manage to say to the assembled crowd: 'Gentlemen, I would rather own, train and drive this mare to the record she will attain than to be President of the United States' and I gave them as my reason that we had had many Presidents but never a trotter to do what she would do. At the time I said it I knew those present thought I was just talking. But I meant it. And, inside of six months from that day Lou Dillon trotted a mile in 1:58½ under very adverse circumstances.

"At that time I had no previous experience to guide me in my work. There had never been a horse that had trotted faster than 2:02¼ and the work a man must give a two-minute trotter was absolutely unknown to me or any other trainer. It cost me a great deal of thought and quite a little worry and uneasiness. I did only what I thought was proper but at that time my methods seemed a bit severe or strenuous and attracted considerable criticism from my brother trainers. They wondered why I worked Lou so fast and still tried to make more speed. Now what I was doing was trying to simply develop something that for years had been considered impossible. I was not satisfied or contented to think she would only trot in 2:02 or possibly 2:01 and thus carry the record for I had predicted two minutes or better for her, and I believe that no other man in the world thought she would trot as fast as two minutes. As I often remarked, training a trotter and edging him up to a two-minute mile or better especially in 1903 was very much like a man playing a violin. He gets it all tuned up, lays it down and picks it up next day to play it yet before he can play he must tune it again. In those days a two-minute trotter was just as deli-

cate as a fine violin. I will repeat—I had no fixed plan, no set method of other men to go by.

"After Lou was sold to Mr. Billings, she was turned over to Mr. Chas. Tanner and though he got along very nicely with her, after he had driven her about thirty days, he came to me and remarked that he was not quite satisfied with her and that I could have her to train if I wanted her. I asked him when I could have her and his reply was, 'right away'. I went with him to Mr. Billings' stable and took charge of the mare and Tommy Waugh, her caretaker, as nice a little gentleman and as nice a little mare as any man ever had under his direction.

"Quite naturally, during her absence from my stable Lou almost forgot the terms of the old understanding between us but I jogged her a couple of days and we restored the old agreement. Deciding to work her on the third day after she came back to me, I asked Mr. Tanner to drive the runner and I would let her go a fraction better than 2:10 if he would rate the runner every quarter in 32½. Nobody could do it better than he and he complied with my request to the very fraction and the mare, brushing the last fifty yards, trotted the mile in 2:09½, it being understood that I was to beat the runner out a little bit. This performance rather surprised everybody except me and pleased all friends of Mr. Billings.

"After that mile I jogged her a few days and let Tommy Waugh ride her about the grounds with nothing on her but the halter. I might say that from that day on she seldom had harness on more than three or four days a week. The days she was not harnessed Tommy would take her out to halter, ride her three or four miles and let her visit round. It was a quiet way to execise her, because she was but a bundle of nerves while in harness. On the other hand she was the meekest, quietest, kindest and most gentle little mare in the world, almost a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in her dual personality. When I put harness on her she would fret and sweat and waste away. When I did work her I did not use the regular methods in scraping her out, did not use a scraper—it was too harsh. Instead I got Tommy a big, soft

sponge and with it we lifted the perspiration off her. I found that the less we rubbed her body the better natured she was. I think if we had scraped and rubbed her she would have wasted away and would not have been the great mare she turned out to be. I seldom jogged her as I did the other horses. She was so high strung and nervous at a slow gait that she was harder on herself going slow than when allowed to step along for a little. For instance, often when I went out to jog her she would twist and fret and show that she did not want to go slow, so to please and humor her I would get to the half and then let her step off at probably a 2:05 gait, perhaps better, in other words I would let her go the clip that satisfied her. Maybe I had intended to jog her three miles, but after letting her step I would abandon the jogging and take her to her stall. I tell all this because some other trainer may some day have a very fast, nervous horse and he may profit by the experiences I had with Lou Dillon, for I know that many good horses, probably two-minute trotters have been thrown away.

"I can cite many times when Lou Dillon looked to be absolutely worthless. She was so high strung that you could not give her work enough to quiet her and if you gave her the work she would not eat as much as a canary bird.

"I remember, quite well, her only bad performance, the disappointing one at Brighton Beach in 2:03¾. After that mile I talked with Tommy Waugh and he told me to get another man to groom her as he could not get her to eat enough to enable her to go her good miles. 'I cannot do it' he said. I told him our dictionary contained no such word as can't and added: 'You may not be able to make her eat enough but WE will. I am going to help you.' At that time she would not eat a quart of oats in twenty-four hours. I said to Tommy: 'We have done too much work on this mare and she is too fast to give up. We will coax and persuade her to eat enough to go on.' So I told him to wait until I came back from the city. I was all at sea but I had no faith in condition powders or appetizers or dope so I decided to try to make a vegetarian out of her. In

Lou Dillon 1:58½—Mr. C. K. G. Billings

town I went to a market and bought small quantities of every vegetable there as well as every cereal in stock. Then I went back to the track fairly loaded down with the truck. The first thing we did was to spread a blanket in one corner of the stall and on it we put a small quantity of everything I had bought, all in separate piles. I had three or four cereals, apples, peaches, pears, potatoes, turnips and carrots. There never was man or horse that would not eat the thing that struck his palate or taste. Lou nosed the food and when she came to the carrots ate them up clean then smelled everything else, turned and left it. In my joy I said to Tommy: 'We have the greatest trotter in the world right now.'

"I bought a half-bushel of carrots and a coarse vegetable grater, took them back to the stable, grated two quarts of carrots and mixed them with two quarts of oats. She cleaned the feed box and looked for more. From that day on until she trotted her record mile in 1:58½ her regular ration was two quarts of oats and three quarts of grated carrots mixed. She had this feed four times every day and the day she took her record she had two quarts of oats and three quarts of grated carrots for breakfast and also for dinner.

"If I had a hundred horses I would certainly feed them some carrots, especially to delicate feeders. They are very strengthening and just as nourishing as any feed that can be given a horse. I found many years ago on a horse-buying trip through Missouri that the farmers who fed carrots had by long odds the sleekest and best looking horses.

"There were two causes for Lou Dillon's poor performance at Brighton Beach. The first has already been named, that she was feeding badly and did not have sufficient strength and vitality to go a great mile. The second cause arose at the start of the mile and was a misunderstanding between Mr. Tanner and myself regarding the speed, or rating. When we scored for the word she was trotting very fast, in fact too fast and as we struck the first turn I shouted to Mr. Tanner to take the runner back. He misunderstood me and came on and we trotted the first eighth in thirteen

seconds and I felt very much ashamed of myself, because I should not have expected any horse to go a mile and trot the first eighth that fast. The result was, of course, that she slowed up at the end of the mile. But, blaming myself more than I did the mare for this performance, I persuaded Mr. Billings to let me take her to Boston for another trial. We took her there and Mr. Chas. Jewett, the Secretary of the Readville track, gave me full charge of the course. I worked it for four days before she was started, to get it conditioned to suit Lou Dillon. This carried us up to Sunday and she was to go on Monday, the opening day. The question that bothered me most was how to blow her out and prepare her for the effort of the next day. The meeting was the regular Grand Circuit event and before working her on Sunday I talked with a number of the leading trainers trying to get advice as to the preparatory work on Monday. My past experience with her had convinced me that she had to be worked right up to the day of a performance in order to be good. A majority of the trainers advised me to work her in 2:25 to 2:20 on Sunday. After thinking the matter over and knowing the mare as well as I did, I worked her in 2:40, 2:25 and 2:09½, the last half of the 2:09½ mile in 1:00½. There is where I was criticized and called the erratic tariner. I asked the men to wait with their adverse criticism until after Monday. When she trotted the mile in two minutes the last eighth in 14 seconds, I merely said they could criticize as much as they pleased, but that my judgment had proved to be right.

"I considered Lou Dillon what may be termed short bred on her dam's side. My reason for working her as I did was drawn from the old-time races where a field of horses would start in a race one day and trot two, three or four heats and the race would be postponed until the next day and the same horses would trot faster than they did the previous day. This may not prove to be true with the present day breeding, but the old-fashioned trotter had to be keyed tighter than the fashionably bred horses of today.

"This mile only convinced me that Lou had a great deal more in her than she had shown. She went from Readville

to Cleveland and worked to wagon in 2:04½, 2:05¼ and so on. At Lexington she first went a mile to wagon in 2:01¾, which was the day of Lou Dillon's life, when she should have set a record that yet would be hanging on the Lexington stand, as never before or after in her life was she so good. I warmed her up to go for the sulky record. I expected to drive her and worked her in 2:40, 2:21 and 2:14, the last eighth of the 2:14 mile in 13 seconds. I had made great preparations for the mile. The day was good, the track was good, the mare was good and I had hopes that she would set a record that would stand for many days to come. Her sulky was run out on the floor and I had given every detail careful thought. I went to the stand and weighed in—at 156 pounds. Walking back to the stable to get the mare ready and bring her out to sulky, I was hailed by Mr. Tanner who said: 'Hitch her to wagon; Mr. Billings will drive her.' While she went a beautiful mile to wagon for Mr. Billings, I still think, if she had gone to sulky that day, her record would not have been lowered to this day as she had been trained and worked with the idea that I was to drive her that mile. While I do not want to make any claims, I believe that every great horse, trotter, pacer or runner and every great man has ONE day. What makes it more difficult for a horse to perform in wonderful time is a combination of circumstances. For a horse must be just right, the track just right, the atmosphere just right and the driver himself just right in order to accomplish great things.

"At Memphis, following the Lexington effort Lou trotted in 2:04¾, 2:04¾ to wagon and then came her record mile of 1:58½ to sulky, the quarters in 30, 59½, 1:28½, thus the middle half was trotted in 58½ seconds and she still had enough left to trot the final quarter in 30 seconds. This mile was not trotted under the most favorable circumstances, owing to the fact that a light frost the night before had left the air heavy—not light and balmy such as is necessary for a supreme effort.

"While I do not want to find fault, yet I do believe that Lou Dillon's performances were most wonderful for a green mare. It is to be remembered that she began the season

without a record and with no education and development to season her. The majority of horses that have held the world's records are horses that have been campaigned from one year to two, three and four years, which is necessary to develope muscle, lungs and everything pertaining to endurance. And, again, Lou Dillon had more to contend with than almost any other horse. The days she looked good, perhaps the best, she would go to wagon and I do not believe any horse, especially a double-gaited one wants to be chopping at world's records one day with an amateur driver, to wagon, and the next time to sulky with professional driving. Different hitches, different drivers, let them be ever so good, do not make a good system for the training of a two-minute trotter.

"While Lou Dillon was a perfectly gaited trotter, she was not in the beginning, for then she was a very ordinary gaited mare. She was, as I have said, double-gaited; she rolled, or paddled with the right front foot and one of her worst faults of gait was that she speedy-cut very badly. She began to learn to trot with a twelve-ounce shoe forward and four-ounce toe-weight. After she showed some speed, I saw she was too light to carry much weight, so I gradually reduced the weight of her front shoes and put very light bell quarter boots on her. The roll of the boots seemed to answer the same purpose as the toe-wieghts she had previously carried. For a long time she was quite mixed gaited and would rather pace than trot. Then I put a very light rim pad under each front shoe and that helped her very much. The bell quarter boots and the rim pads were of great importance to her, for her gait became flat and even and every time I shod her I kept putting on shoes some lighter than she had been carrying.

"When she trotted the mile in two minutes at Readville, she had on 6 ounce shoes forward and 4 ounce shoes behind, with a 3½ inch toe and an angle of 48. Behind, her toes were the same length as the front ones and the angle was 51. I always kept her feet at about the same length and angle but kept reducing the weight of her shoes and when she trotted in 1:58½ she wore 4½ ounce shoes in front

with very light rim pad and 2¼ ounce shoes behind—swedge shoes with small heel calk.

"All this had a great deal to do with Lou and her gait. But the greatest improvement through the most essential thing for her to have, was the lip strap. From her early development, or breaking, when you would put a bit in her mouth she would continually shake her head. I removed the bridle check and took a straight Jaynes bit and from the very first time I put a lip strap on her she went smoother and better. As long as she was fighting the bit and shaking her head it interfered with her gait. While a lip strap is considered very severe, and it is if a man sees fit to make it so, a horse in order to go fast must go pure-gaited, with no discord and no pulling. You can drive a horse more airily, lighter-handed with a lip strap than you can with a bit alone. In the majority of cases the bit pulls back on the teeth which have no life or resiliency. But a lip strap passes over the front teeth, rests on the gums and at a point where every horse has a pair of very sensative nerves. And every horse soon learns what that means. A man must be light-handed in order to use the lip strap successfully. I have had wonderful success with it as I generally drive my horses low-headed and in a great many cases with no check at all. For instance, Lou Dillon wore no check and I could mention many others.

"I am very much with the lip strap as Robert Bonner was with the toe weights. He told me one day while I was visiting with him in the office of the New York Ledger that he believed the toe-weight would increase the endurance of some horses. As he explained it a horse must go smoothly and without friction to go fast and far. In other words, would last longer going at a smooth gait than if he went at a rough gait and pulled. The average horse takes too much out of himself by pulling on the bit. With a lip strap properly adjusted a horse will not pull half as much as he will on a bit. At all events I have scored many notable training successes with the lip strap where I know I would have failed without it.

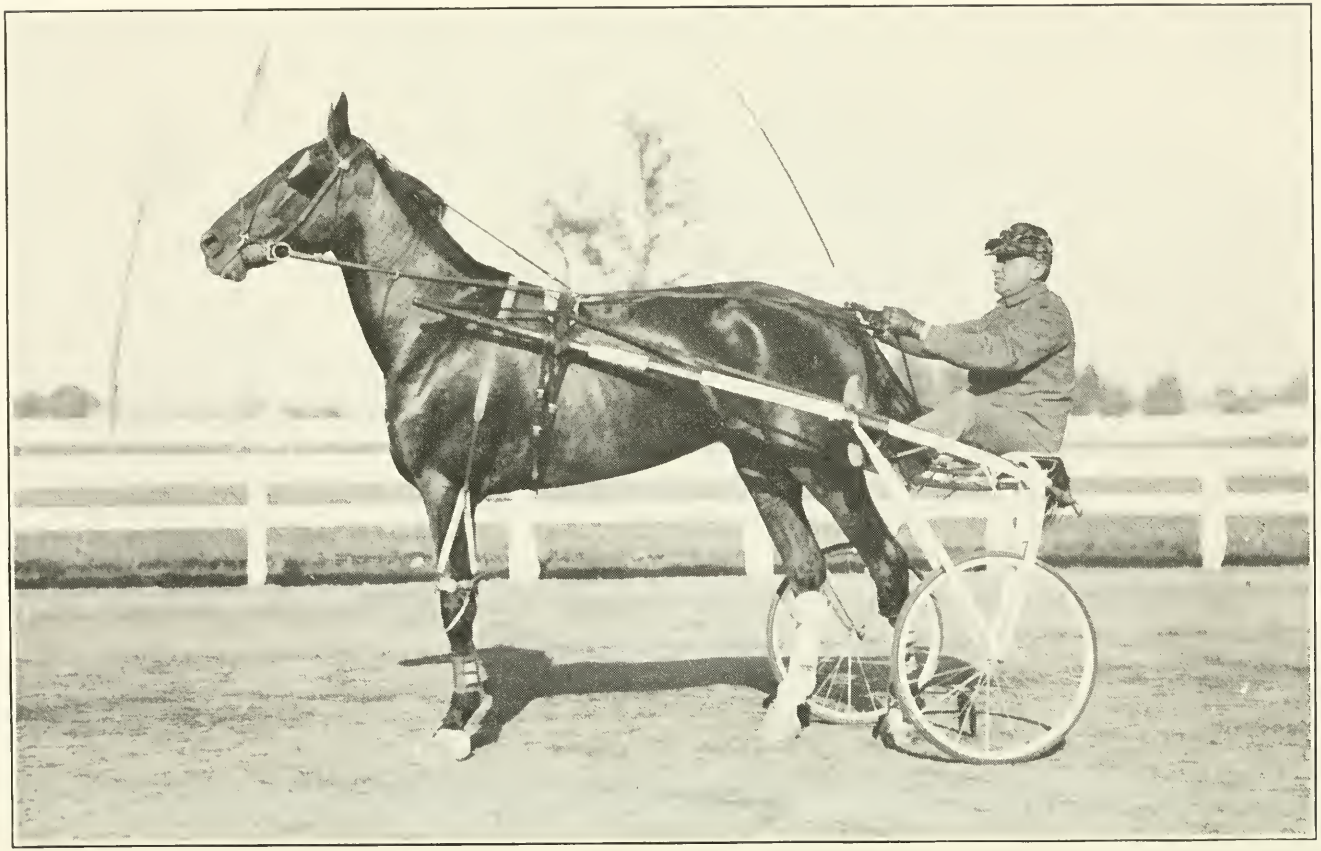
"Lou Dillon was a chestnut mare, foaled 1898, bred

by Santa Rosa Stock Farm, Santa Rosa, Cal. and was by Sidney Dillon out of Lou Milton by Milton Medium. She was a three-year-old before she was thought enough of to be given a name as she was not considered around the farm, to be very much. One day Mr. H. I. Pierce, who bred her, asked me what I thought would be a good name for the filly. I suggested Lou from her dam Lou Milton and Dillon, from her sire Sidney Dillon, the idea struck him just right and the filly was named Lou Dillon.

"In closing this story I want to go on record as believing that one of the greatest miles Lou Dillon ever trotted was that in 2:05 over the Glenville track in 1903. That mile was trotted strictly according to rule, and she drew a high-wheel sulky that weighed 42 pounds and I weighed 156 pounds. This was when trotters had to carry 150 pounds. Since then the rules have been changed. I could have gone a much faster mile that day, but I rated her too slow to the half, thinking she would tire with the high-wheel sulky, and I was rating her to go a mile better than 2:08¾, which was the Maud S. world's record at that time for that style of hitch. The Board did not allow the record on the ground that the mare already had a fast record. I want to say that in my opinion the Board was wrong because Lou Dillon was started to beat the high-wheel sulky record of the world and she did beat it and the little mare ought to have the honor which goes with that mile, the fastest ever trotted or paced to a high-wheel sulky.

"The management of the Glenville track, after the 2:05 mile, took the Maud S. 2:08¾ gold shoe down from the main entrance and substituted one bearing the legend 'Lou Dillon, 2:05' and it hung there for some time which proves that I was not the only one who believed the mile was a world's record.

"I might add, to keep the record straight, that before Lou Dillon came into my hands, she was driven some by George Ramage, then trainer at Santa Rosa Stock Farm."



Major Delmar 1:59¾—Alta McDonald

Ill luck his portion—cruel fate!
Yet listed he his name among the great.
—J. J. Holden.

MAJOR DELMAR

Champion Trotting Gelding for Six Years
Record 1:59¾

MAJOR DELMAR 1:59¾, by Delmar, out of Expectation by Autograph was one of the greatest racing geldings of all time and it was in that particular line of endeavor that he achieved his most enduring fame. Among his victories were those scored in some of the more important stake races on the Grand Circuit. And yet, while many of his assaults on time were losing performances it is a remarkable fact that he trotted no less than thirteen miles in 2:03 or better a feat no other trotter of his day accomplished or very nearly equaled and that alone serves to show that the big son of Delmar was what has so often been called "a trotter above ordinances."

He came out as a star of the first magnitude in the season of 1902 in charge of the late Alta McDonald who started him in an even dozen races against the pick of the year's trotters and he was returned victor in nine of them and ended the campaign with a record of 2:05½.

It happened in his case, as in the cases of many other fast-record holders before and since, that there were no classes for him in 1903 and he was used largely for exhibition purposes. He raced twice against The Abbot, whose star was setting, and beat him on both occassions in ridiculously slow time. After that there was no foeman worthy of his steel except Lou Dillon and the only time she met him that year was in the Gold Cup race to wagon, at Memphis, where he was beaten in two straight heats in 2:04¾, 2:04¾.

But he entered the two-minute list at that same meeting and became the wold's champion trotting gelding with his record of 1:59¾.

Something about the many really good miles this splendid gelding trotted cannot fail to be of interest. His first attempt against time was made at Albany where he set the track record at 2:04¾. Then he was started at the Empire City track where in an effort to beat 2:04¾ he trotted in 2:04.

On September 4th at Providence he lowered his record to 2:02½ and at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, September 9th, he further reduced that record to 2:01½. Two days later he just missed becoming the second member of the list of two-minute trotters. It was over the same course and the time of the mile was 2:00¼. This performance he exactly duplicated at the Oakley course, Cincinnati, O., September 30th, after having trotted in 2:00¾ at Readville on the 14th. At Lexington, Ky., October 9th, he was started against the wagon record of 2:04¾ and trotted the mile in 2:03¾. Then he was taken to Memphis where he lost the Gold Cup race to Lou Dillon. That was on October 20th and just one week later he made his first successful attempt to enter the two-minute list and covered the mile in 1:59¾ adding a brilliant chapter to the history of the wonderful speed carnival held in the Tennessee metropolis that year.

Though started many times in 1904 Major Delmar was not again able to negotiate a mile better than 2:01¼. He started at Providence, Readville, Columbus, Lexington, Syracuse and Memphis and four of his miles were trotted in 2:02¼. His best mile was at Memphis after he had won the Gold Cup race and was his last effort in public to bicycle sulky. He trotted creditably, however and while the mile broke no records it was done in 2:01¼ on a day not suited for extra fast performances.

During that same meeting at Memphis, Major Delmar was hitched to a high-wheel sulky and to that rig trotted a highly creditable mile, the time of which was 2:07.

It was the irony of fate that Major Delmar never became the champion trotter of the world despite the many brilliant

miles he trotted. And it happened to be Lou Dillon who was always in his way. But for her mile in two minutes at Readville on August 24th, 1903, she would not have kept the Delmar gelding from the championship even though he might not have held it very long, for on September 9th, at Syracuse, N. Y. he trotted a mile in 2:01½ to beat Cresceus' record of 2:02¼ and two days later, over the same track as already related, trotted in 2:00¼. And it happened that Lou Dillon beat him into the two-minute list by but three days. She took her record on October 24th, and the Major took his best on October 27th, 1903.

At the close of the season of 1903 Major Delmar held the following world's records:

Half mile to wagon (1902)----------1:01
One and one-eighth mile in race (1902)--2:22½
Five-year-old gelding (1902) ---------2:05½
Fastest race heat, five-year-old (1902)---2:05½
Fastest mile by a gelding (1903)-------1:59¾

His record mile was timed by quarters as follows: 30, 1:00, 1:28¾, 1:59¾, and while its final quarter was trotted in but 31 seconds he showed a wonderful flight of speed in the third quarter after having trotted the first half at a two-minute gait.

Alta McDonald is dead and there is no one to give an intimate story of the preparation of this great gelding for his flights against the watch. But it is well known that he was not trained so much with the world's record in view as to fit him for the Gold Cup race, an event his then owner, Mr. E. E. Smathers was more than anxious to win and believed he had a chance to win even though Lou Dillon was the trotter to be beaten.

When he took his best trot record he wore plain roller-motion seven-ounce shoes in front, and four-ounce pin steel shoes behind with light heel calks.

Mr. Chas. H. Baldwin, who now lives at Ticonderoga, N. Y., was trainer for W. E. Spier's Suburban Stock Farm where Major Delmar was bred and who gave the colt his early education also drove him in his races as a three-year-old writes an entertaining sketch of that two-minute trotter

for this volume. It tells why the youngster was a comparative failure as a colt trotter and is as follows:

"I have been out of the game so long that I am not sure I can write anything that will be of interest for many of the things that would be of value have passed from my memory.

"Major Delmar was a speedy natural trotter from the start and had he been made a gelding when a yearling, as I so strongly advised, he would have been a sensational colt. In very early life he acquired the habit that saps the vitality of so many colts and all the then known methods and appliances failed to cure it so in his two and three-year-old form he labored under that severe handicap.

"As a colt he was a little mixed-gaited and wore about an 8 ounce shoe and 3 ounce toe-weight. Behind he wore 5 ounce shoes. In shoeing him we had to guard against knee hitting which was the only trouble we experienced with him as to gait.

"When, in the spring of his two-year-old form he was in training at Kirkwood, Del., and that was really his first training, trouble developed in his front ankles which necessitated pin firing and caused a complete let-up for two months. About June first we resumed jogging him and about the middle of the month Mr. Spier came to see all his horses there, about twenty, worked. He saw all of them worked except Major Delmar and then asked me why I did not work the colt. I tried to put him off until his next visit explaining the danger of stepping him fast so soon after the firing. But he replied: 'O, pshaw! I'd rather see the Major step than all the others put together and I'll assume all the damage it does and not blame you if he breaks a leg.' I saw no way out of it so we hitched the colt (as we called him) to a Miller bike cart and showed his owner a quarter in 32¾ seconds. I have written at length about this incident to show that Major Delmar's speed was inherited, not made. That year he went as I recall three fairly good races, had plenty of speed but from his habit lacked strength and energy.

"At three he started in the Horse Review Purse at Fort Erie and was second to Mobel in 2:20¼, 2:19¼, 2:16¾.

Before we left Ft. Erie an agent sold us an electric shield and it worked well for a few weeks. At Readville he started in a race against nine of the fastest three-year-olds of that time. Emma Winter won the first heat in 2:15 and the owner of Major Delmar was willing for her to take the race but she was not good enough and our colt won the next two heats and race in 2:15, pulled up and 2:16¼. I have always thought he was capable that day of a mile in 2:10. We remained at Readville four weeks waiting for the New England Breeders' meeting and during that time the Major succeeded in beating the electric shield, just as he had all other appliances but at the meeting he had a walkover in his stake, value $2,370 but any ordinary colt could have beaten him.

"I advised against shipping to Kentucky for the Futurity but Mr. Spier thought the colt might surprise us and so we went but the surprise failed to materialize. So, after that race he said to me: 'Charley, I think your idea is correct. Ship home and have the farm vet. go to work.' And that is what we did. Through the following winter the Major had regular exercise and as the drain on his system was stopped he grew strong and muscular and had plenty of energy. But we were not to go on with him for just as we had begun the preparatory training Mr. Spier died and so we did not try to get anything ready for the races though I did step the Major a mile in 2:10 during the summer and he did it comfortably.

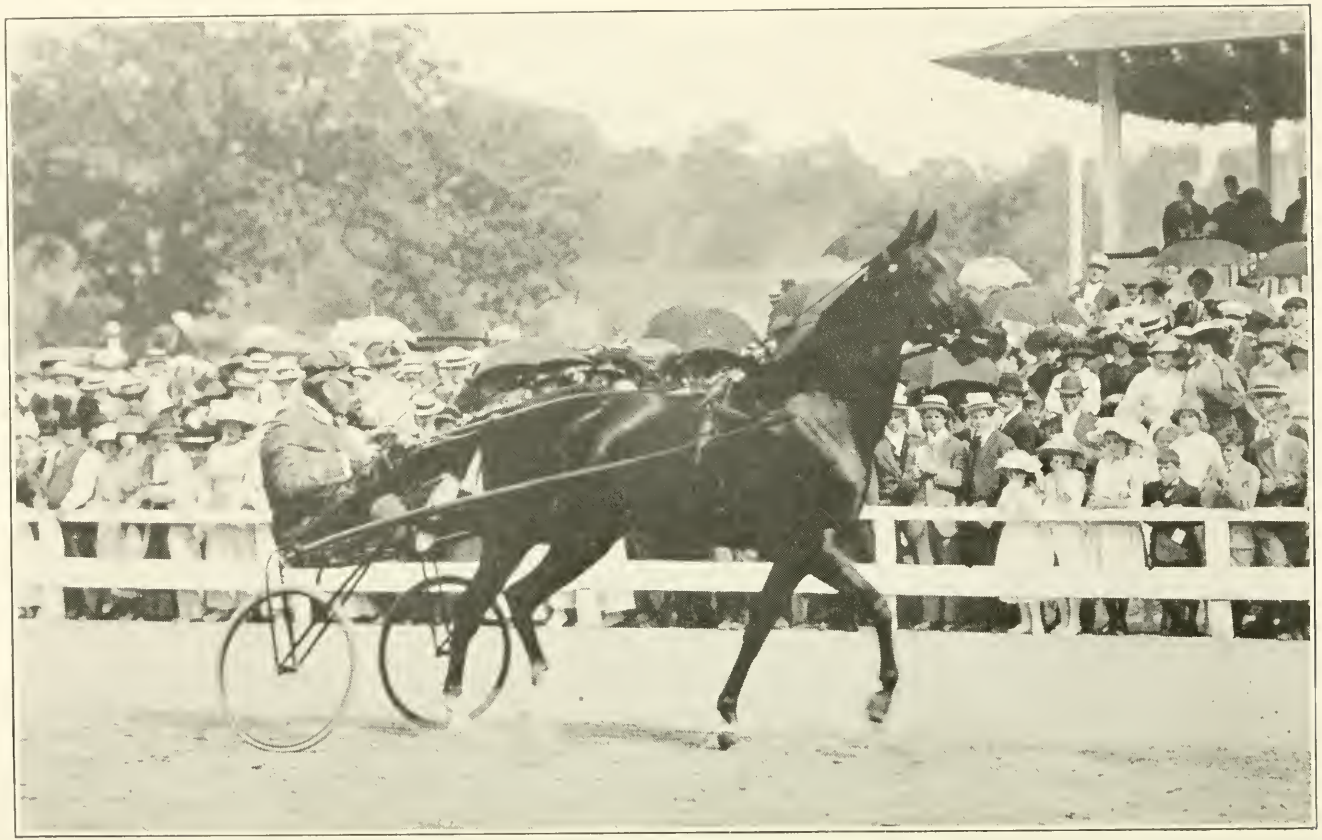
"There was one marked peculiarity about his gait and that was excessive hock action. He required a sulky so high that it made one feel like he was riding on a load of hay. I firmly believe that with the present day long shaft, low sulky he would have trotted to a much lower record than 1:59¾."

Charley Baldwin was a highly capable and successful trainer and while he did not have the honor of driving Major Delmar a mile in two-minutes or better he did show him the way to go and use his natural speed.

The photograph of Major Delmar, with Alta McDonald driving, used for the illustration leading this chapter, shows

the high sulky which Charles Baldwin speaks of in his letter. The reader will note that the Dan Patch sulky, also the one drawn by Star Pointer were almost, if not quite so high.

Major Delmar was bred by W. E. Spier, Glens Falls, N. Y., and was the fastest trotter the Empire state had produced until 1921 when Arion Guy, who was bred by Hudson River Stock Farm, Poughkeepsie, (though foaled in Kentucky) beat the record of the gelding by his mile in 1:59½ at Lexington.



Uhlan 1:58 (at Goshen)—Charles ("Doc") Tanner

A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
—Thos. Buchanan Read.

UHLAN

Champion Trotter for Nine Years
Record 1:58

UHLAN 1:58 became the champion trotter of the world in October of the year 1912 and his reign lasted nine years almost to the day, being but once seriously menaced in the intervening period, and that by the stallion champion Lee Axworthy, who came within a quarter of a second of equalling the record of the incomparable black gelding, and might have lowered it had he been tried another year. That was in 1916, and five years elapsed before a new champion seized the crown.

So much has been said in praise of Uhlan that one hesitates to attempt to add to that which has been so worthily bestowed upon a subject so worthy. Much as the word king and its derivatives have come to be disliked, it is, perhaps, still safe to say that Uhlan bore his kingly honors in a manner befitting the current conception of a king before the last world war proved that the modern king was oft-times worse than common clay. But Uhlan was not that sort of king. He was kingly in every sense; in the way he carried himself; in the way he did that which he set out to do; in his bearing after he had done it. He made one proud to say that the American trotter has that quality which justifies our devotion to him. He entertained thousands and the entertainment was royal. The trainer whose skill prepared Uhlan for the great things he did is preparing an intimate story about him, and it goes without saying that it will be eagerly read by many thousands of those whose cheers have

mingled when Uhlan lowered a record and in doing it showed the world how such a thing should be done.

It is possible in this volume, thanks to Mr. Tanner, to present a great deal concerning the way he handled the great gelding for his earlier record-breaking feats, and in this connection it may be said that those methods were never materially changed. He has also presented some most interesting facts which do not concern training operations, but serve to furnish a view of the character and disposition of one which was, in many respects at least, the greatest of all trotters and who was undoubtedly the greatest trotter of his time. And be it said, he was as great as a race horse as he was as a battler against that greatest of all foemen, the stop watch. The tasks he was asked to do were tremendous and he did them all nobly.

Nearly all his days he has been a champion. He became one the first year he was raced, when Robert Proctor had him. He continued a champion the next year (1910) and his third year out he added still further to his championships by becoming the fastest gelding in trotting annals. And his fourth year before the public he became the world's champion trotter with his mile in 1:58 at Lexington, Ky., October 8, 1912.

He trotted in two minutes or better on seven occasions on four different tracks and he trotted a mile on a half-mile track in 2:02¾. He trotted a mile with running mate in 1:54½, and with Lewis Forrest he set the pole record at 2:03¼. He forced Hamburg Belle to set the world's race record at 2:01¼ and to trot the second heat in 2:01¾, and beat her in the return match. He did everything that was asked of him and with the exception of the one race mentioned, neither horse nor watch ever defeated him. That is but a skeleton of his mighty achievements and if all his story is ever told it will make a volume of goodly size and most wonderful reading.

Mr. Chas. Tanner's story of the great gelding the first year he was in his hands and during the course of which he lowered the record for trotting geldings to 1:58¾ and trotted to wagon in 2:01 is quite interesting and as it properly

belongs in this volume it is presented in substance as he prepared it in the fall of 1910. He said:

"Uhlan became the property of Mr. Billings at Columbus, O., September 29th, 1909 and was turned over to me that day by his trainer, Robert Proctor, of Readville, Mass. Let me say here that the condition Uhlan was then in is the best evidence of the training skill of that capable man. It was left to me to make him a two-minute trotter, by the records, yet Proctor had shown that he had him close to the mark in the race at North Randall, where, trotting on the outside all the way, he had forced Hamburg Belle to a throat-latch finish in 2:01¼ and that I thought was about equal to a mile in two minutes where the stage was set and everything favored him. He was in perfect physical condition. Not as much as a pimple on his legs, he was as fresh as a horse could be and was carrying more flesh than when I had seen him, first, weeks before—and he had all his 'whizz'.

"More than that he was perfectly mannered and that is another bit of testimony as to the ability of the man who brought him out. Very few people realize how highly organized Uhlan really is, so good has his deportment always been. It is well known that any trotter that does his mile in two minutes or better must be keyed high, but it does not follow that they should lack good manners. On the other hand it is quite easy to spoil them as to manners and Uhlan could easily have been spoiled early in life had he not been handled with judgment. Not only is he high-strung, not only has he a will of his own, but he is, with it, an exceedingly wise horse. Few as brainy as he have I ever known nor with so much of what we call individuality. The fact that he came to me so tractable is most creditable to the man who developed him and he can justly pride himself upon that as well as upon the other splendid work he did with him.

"We shipped Uhlan to North Randall at once; it was Wednesday, as Mr. Billings was coming on from New York for the Saturday matinee. I asked Mr. Proctor to accompany us and be on hand to post us as to Uhlan's peculiarities and he did all and more that we requested, explaining minutely all he thought would help. Saturday was a 'mean' day and

Mr. Billings did not try to do much—just jogged a mile in 2:14¾, last quarter in 30¾ seconds. Before that mile Proctor drove Uhlan to sulky in 2:05½, last half in 1:01½, and he did it so easily that Mr. Billings was greatly pleased.

"While I was at the Lexington meeting the next week Uhlan was driven by his boy four slow heats, the fastest in 2:25. Young Sam Caton, then here from Russia for a visit, came to Cleveland with me and I had him train Uhlan on Friday. He told me the fastest mile he had ever driven a trotter in Russia was 2:15¼ and I told him I wanted him to drive Uhlan one in 2:05. He worked him in 2:40, 2:28, 2:15½ and then I told him, for the fourth mile to take him to the half in 1:05 and he would bring him home in a minute. Sam missed it going to the half which he reached in 1:06, but Uhlan trotted the last half in a minute and that gave Sam his fastest ride behind a trotter. When he dismounted he was highly pleased and he expressed amazement at the ease in which the horse had trotted the last half, declaring him a most perfect trotting machine. Up to that time I had never driven Uhlan at speed so I got up behind him that same day and drove him his fifth mile which was in 2:02¾. Note the time of the quarters—32½, 30¼, 30, 30. The way he did it made me feel, then and there, that with good luck he had an even chance to beat two minutes the following year.

"He was then let down gradually and his shoes pulled off. He had a run of several hours daily, as the weather permitted, in a nice paddock and we fed him six to eight quarts of oats every day, carrots and apples to whet his appetite and cooked feed at night. On the first of the following February we shipped to Brunswick, Ga. and while the air and the surroundings were delightful, there was nothing much but deep sand roads to drive on. Uhlan was clipped and shod the day he arrived there and I had his toes shortened to 3⅝ inches in front and 3½ behind. Open six ounce shoes were put on all around, roller motion in front. I began jogging him on the sand roads giving him a couple of miles the first day and increased to eight to ten daily except Sunday on which day he was never harnessed. Most of the time he drew two passengers and the cart was a heavy one. I think that work did

him a lot of good in the way it strengthened his muscles and the air was so fine that he kept feeling quite chipper and his lung power increased. Of course he was never speeded except to a stiff road gait.

"From Brunswick we shipped on March 17 to Memphis and there began his preparation for the coming season. The trip took two days and when he had rested out I began to give him miles. My note book of his miles shows these entries: March 23—2:57; March 24—2:55; March 25—2:51; March 26—2:49½; March 28, first repeat—2:54, 2:45; March 30—2:56, 2:42½; March 31 and April 1—Rain; April 2, first three heat work—2:57, 2:42, 2:37½; April 5—3:00, 2:45, 2:39½; April 7—2:54, 2:38, 2:30½; April 9—2:56, 2:35, 2:28; April 11—Rain; April 13—3:00, 2:42½, 2:31; April 15-17—Rain; April 18—2:54, 2:32½; April 20—2:56, 2:35, 2:28½, 2:22; April 23—3:00, 2:38, 2:38, 2:28½; April 26—2:21, 2:31, 2:21, 2:19¼; April 29—2:52, 2:28½, 2:18½; May 3—2:38, 2:31, 2:20½, 2:17, last quarter in 32 seconds; May 5 and 6—Rain; May 7—3:08, 2:42½, 2:31; May 9—3:00, 2:32, 2:23½, 2:17, 2:16½, last quarter in 30 seconds.

"That ended the Memphis training and on Friday the 13th we shipped to North Randall and from May 14th when we arrived I allowed Uhlan three days rest. May 17 he worked in 2:42½, 2:28½ and on May 19th in 2:54, 2:34½, 2:26, 2:19, 2:15. Then—more rain and a lay up of five days. May 24 he worked in 2:54, 2:36, 2:28¼ and on May 27th in 2:54, 2:34¼, 2:21¼, 2:16, 2:16½, last quarter in 30 seconds. More rain and nothing but jogging, three to five miles daily. Then came real Summer weather and I went back to pick up some of the stitches we had dropped and the resumed work was as follows:

June 6—2:58, 2:50; June 8—2:53, 2:35, 2:23½, 2:25; June 10—2:36½; 2:24, 2:15, 2:12; June 14—2:15½, 2:36, 2:26, 2:27¼; June 17—2:56, 2:34, 2:25½, 2:13, 2:10; June 21—2:58, 2:36½, 2:30, 2:23½; June 24—2:55, 2:34, 2:23½, 2:15, 2:09¼, 2:09½, last half in 59 seconds in preparation this work to wagon the last two heats, for what was to be Uhlan's first 1910 public appearance.

June 28—2:54¼, 2:36, 2:25¼, 2:24. The public appearance postponed, because Mr. Billings could not get to Cleveland on the date set I worked, July 1, in 2:28, 2:35, 2:23½, 2:16½, 2:08½, first half in a minute; 2:06½, last half in 59½ seconds, the last two miles to wagon.

"Jogged until July 6th he worked that day in 2:58, 2:35½, 2:25½, 2:22½. On July 9th he was driven in public by Mr. Billings to wagon a mile in 2:02¾, and his warming up miles for that effort were 2:35, 2:21¼, 2:15. The mile in 2:02¾ was a remarkable one, for in addition to a strong wind the track was rough and Uhlan trotted in second horse position the entire mile. The last half of that mile was trotted in 59¾ seconds.

"Mr. Billings now felt that Uhlan could trot a mile in two minutes, and so requested me to prepare him for an attempt at the North Randall Grand Circuit meeting, then just four weeks away. To be sure we had been working with that in view, and I had so directed my work from the beginning. Going on with the preparation for the North Randall mile, I worked the horse, to cart, except occasionally to wagon, as I note, these miles:

July 13—3:00, 2:32½, 2:21½; July 15—2:34¼, 2:22½, 2:12½, 2:09, 2:05, last half in 59 seconds; last two miles to wagon; July 19—3:00, 2:34, 2:25, 2:22. And now we had reached the point for a regular test. Mr. Billings felt the horse should be 'searched' before he started. So on July 22 I worked him in 2:54, 2:32½, 2:18½ to cart, then hooked him to a sulky and drove him a mile in 2:09¾, last quarter in 29 seconds. And then the burning question was put to him. He answered it with a first quarter in 30 seconds, a second quarter in 30 seconds, a third quarter in 30 seconds, and then we 'met up' with a float, right in at the pole and had to take back in more than a hurry, slow down and go around the obstruction, yet he trotted the final quarter in 30½ seconds, making the mile 2:00½, as I timed it. I had a man in the stand to time the mile and he caught it in 2:00¼. No other watches were held. That mile was, for good and sufficient reasons, to be my secret. That mile was trotted on Friday. He was not harnessed again until July 26, when he

was jogged only—three miles. The same thing next day. July 28 he was worked 3:00, 2:35, 2:28, 2:22, 2:19. On August 8, one week before he was to start at North Randall, I decided to give him his final strong work. I gave him four miles in 2:58, 2:29, 2:20, 2:11, then hitched him to wagon for a mile in 2:03, last half in one minute, well within himself. I let him step another mile in 2:07¼ and I felt that he was ready. He was not harnessed on Tuesday, August 2, but two days later he was worked in 2:28, 2:20, 2:21; on August 7th in 3:00, 2:36; on August 8th I jogged him two miles to cart in 2:27½ and 2:21, moved him the third mile, to wagon, in 2:09, last quarter in 30 seconds, and he started to wagon to beat 2:02¼, Mr. Billings driving, and trotted the mile in 2:01, tying the world's wagon record 'in the open' made by Lou Dillon at Memphis in 1904.

"That was a great mile, trotted wide and under most unfavorable conditions, but it disappointed me, as I had hoped it would be the first ever driven to wagon in the open in two minutes or better. Day and track were not right.

"As Uhlan was to start again at the same meeting, I was anxious for Mr. Dillon to drive him to wagon. But he insisted that I drive to sulky, and so that was the program. Uhlan was not harnessed the day after his 2:01 mile, just given walking exercise to halter, and was jogged three miles on Wednesday and about the same on Thursday. Friday was the day for his supreme effort. I did not want to drive him; I had been sick on Thursday and then I hardly felt equal to the occasion. But it was passed up to me, and as there was no way out of it I drove the mile.

"To prepare for it I gave the gelding two miles—2:32 and 2:20 to cart, and a third to sulky in 2:11¼, last quarter in 31. There was a strong wind and I had to take him back through the third quarter to a 2:03 clip. And the day was not quite warm enough, I thought, to get the best results. John Dickerson drove the runner. We went to the quarter in 29¾ seconds, to the half in 59, and to the three-quarters in 1:29¾ with the last quarter in 29 seconds. I believe the mile would have been 1:58¼ under more favorable conditions. Anyway, it was a new world's record for trotting geldings,

and the way Uhlan came out of it, the fine fettle he was in, caused me to have high hopes for his future. He was not harnessed for a week, then was jogged two days.

"He was to go at Readville the second week afterward, to wagon, and I kept him ready for that performance by miles as follows: August 18—2:32, 2:21, 2:16, 2:10; August 22—2:31, 2:18½, 2:10¼, 2:01½, the last mile to sulky, the last half in a minute; August 28, at Readville—2:31, 2:19½, 2:16, last eighth in sixteen seconds. He started to wagon, Mr. Billings driving, August 30, to beat 2:03½, and his mile, 2:02½, was the best, in my opinion, that he ever trotted. The track was dead and slow and there was a high wind, and no owner except Mr. Billings would have permitted a start. There was no chance to break records, but he would not disappoint the large crowd, mostly New England people, among whom Uhlan had grown up. I gave my charge three miles in 2:31, 2:21, 2:13, and had him ready to start early, but it was half past five when they got to us. The racing had made the track rough, and while they floated it, but little was accomplished. Uhlan trotted in 2:02½, the first quarter in 29¾ seconds, the half in a minute, the three-quarters in 1:30½. He was tired at the end, and that mile took more out of him than any other he had ever gone while I had been in charge of him, which makes me sure that it was his greatest one. As he blew out all right and quickly I stepped him another mile in 2:10, last half in 1:02.

"The next week, after rain until everybody was rain sick and I could give him no work except jogging and an occasional brush where there was a dry spot, he started to wagon at Hartford and drew Mr. Billings a great mile—2:01¼. He did that off of miles in 2:23 to 2:15, and there was absolutely no life to the track. The last quarter was trotted in 29 seconds, and no other horse ever did that to wagon at the end of a fast mile. To show how little that mile distressed him I worked him a cooling-out trip in 2:06, last half in a minute, last quarter in 29 seconds.

"At Allentown, Pa., over the great and well-kept half-mile track, Uhlan trotted a mile in 2:05¼, first quarter in 32, after making a short break dodging a deep shadow; sec-

ond quarter in 31¼, third quarter in 31¾. The mile lowered the record of 2:06¾ set by George G.

"I prepared him for a field day at North Randall and expected to give him a wagon record of two minutes or better, but it was impossible for Mr. Billings to be present and the mile was never trotted. In preparing him for the expected engagement I set him down the last quarter of the last work mile on October 1st, and he trotted it in exactly twenty-eight seconds. That ended his work for the year and I let him down with slow miles, 2:28, 2:28¼, covering a period of six days, then jogged him daily until November 7th, and after that let him run out in his paddock just as I had done the previous fall.

"His work for his first two-minute year covered a period of seven months. He had 217 miles the right way of the track, exhibitions and work; 119 were in 2:30 or better; 68 in 2:20 or better; 44 in 2:15 or better; 27 in 2:10 or better; 11, only, in 2:05 or better.

"If any one who is interested will glance back over the miles as given by dates, he will see just how few fast work miles he really had. He was never worked a mile to his limit. It was so easy for him to trot a half in a minute that it meant little to him. He showed that at Hartford, as I have already stated.

"He was worked to a long-shaft cart except in the miles to wagon or sulky as noted in this narrative. I worked him in company a great deal, taking him in and out among a lot of horses. But his fast miles, even the one in 2:00½, he went alone without a prompter. I never allowed the runner to turn with him except when he was ready to start in a public mile. My reason for that is that many horses grow cunning if worked with a runner, and I wanted him to know that when his runner came on the track it meant business. He was one of the smartest horses that ever lived, and I did not propose he should learn to cheat me. Also I taught him to finish fast, and never allowed him to slow up at the wire.

"His system of training may be called, properly, the 'mile on mile' system. True, he was given brush work, but he gave most of that to himself. That was on the days he was

jogged. Some time during his exercise he would 'light out', sprint a hundred yards or so, then take himself back. Some days he would do that two or three times, and was always allowed to have his own way about it. That appeared to always give him his speed. Track work he got to enable him to carry his speed.

"No better broken horse lives than Uhlan. Automobiles, trolley cars and other city contrivances mean nothing to him. With but one bit in his mouth he has been jogged many hundreds of miles on city streets and country roads. At that, so high strung is he that one would find it easy to get a fight out of him, and in all probability he would not afterward tolerate the man who would give him a whipping or even one sharp blow with the whip.

"He is a rugged horse. When shipped to Georgia the first of February, 1910, he weighed 1065 pounds, and when he took his record of 1:58¾ he weighed 965. His training feed consists of twelve quarts of oats daily, and he would like to make it sixteen; he has all the hay he wants, and is quite a water drinker. He is not dainty, and has no annoying habits of any kind, for instance, he never awakens at night and demands to be fed, and there is no better shipper.

"Thad. Logan took care of him for me, and the thorough manner in which he did his work is best illustrated by a remark John Splan made when he was led out for him at North Randall the day he took his record of 1:58¾. John looked him over and said: 'Well, I have looked at some pretty good trotters in my time, prepared by the greatest men in the business, and I want to say that I never before saw one that looked to be in such perfect condition.'

"I have never seen Uhlan seemed distressed but once. That was at the finish of his mile in 2:02½ to wagon at Readville, which is why, in my opinion, as I have said, I think it was the greatest one he ever trotted. He was right on edge that day, with all his speed, and the fact that it took all he had and left him tired for the first and only time in my experience, tells what an effort he made. In every other fast mile he has gone for me he has been blown out, practically, before the harness was stripped off him. Miles, quarters and

Uhlan 1:58—Mr. C. K. G. Billings

halves that would have put a crimp in any other trotter that ever lived except Lou Dillon, did not seem to affect him a particle. The week after he trotted those two miles at the Randall meeting, one in 2:01 to wagon, the other in 1:58¾ to sulky, he acted like a boy just let out of school. It was August 12th that he trotted in 1:58¾, and when I gave him his first repeat afterward, August 18th, he was, in my judgment, in the most perfect order in his life and could have gone the fastest mile. After his first sensational mile in 2:02¾ to wagon, early in July, I was anxious to see how he came out of it, for previously he had not been faster than 2:06¾, and only five times in 2:10 or better. I was not just sure what its effect might be—but it failed to put the slightest sort of a kink in him. Neither did the mile in 2:00½ that I asked him for, to sulky, July 22nd.

"About his shoeing. It has already been published that I made some quite radical changes in this from the methods employed by Proctor, so I may as well say that I did, but in doing so I do not want to be understood as criticising the way in which Proctor balanced him. When a trainer can do what Proctor did with Uhlan, what call is there for criticism? However he balanced him, balanced he certainly must have been. But every trainer has his own ideas of gait and balance, and likes to apply them. If I changed Uhlan, it was not because I wanted to criticise Proctor, but because I wanted to rig the horse my way and see if he would not go good so rigged. It shows what a great horse he was that he could break records rigged both ways. Probably if he was now to pass into the hands of some other trainer, he might make changes in him to correspond with his own ideas, and he would continue to break records.

"When he trotted in 1:58¾, he was rigged as follows: In front he wore a 6¾ ounce shoe, with a felt pad that weighed 1¼ ounces, a pair of pacing quarter boots that belonged to Morning Star 2:04, and weighed but 3 ounces, and a 2-ounce toe-weight. His toe was 3¾ inches long, and its angle was 45 degrees strong. The shoe was a bar shoe, rounded over at the toe (the opposite from what he wore before he came to us, as he then had a grab on the

toe of his shoe) and with two small grooves there, one deeper and broader than the other, which feature was the invention of Lee Beardsley, the smith who shod him throughout the season, and the same man who used to shoe Cresceus 2:02¼. This double groove helped to give him a foothold without retarding him, and I consider it an excellent thing. At the heel were two small calks, set lengthwise, about 1¼ inches long and smoothed down to the surface of the shoe in front. Rigged this way he did not go so high forward as before and no longer required elbow boots. Behind he wore a 3¼ ounce swedged bar shoe, his toe was 3½ inches long and the angle of the foot was 49 degrees. The only boots used behind were a pacing coronet boot and a light ankle boot, which weighed as near nothing as possible.

"When I started him over the half-mile track it was, of course, necessary to make some changes. I put on a 3-ounce instead of a 2-ounce, toe weight; a pair of rolls on his front ankles, and, behind, a pair of shin-ankle-and-speedy-cut boots, with hock extensions. I also hitched him to a Faber sulky that we had built for use during Mr. Billings' European tour the year before. It weighed from 33 to 35 pounds, was especially stiff and strong, and I hooked him as far out from it as possible, to help him in getting around the turns. As was published at the time he trotted in 1:58¾, he was then hitched to the same sulky that Lou Dillon pulled when she trotted in 1:58½, a Faber built especially for her and weighing 24 pounds and 1 ounce. He also wore her harness, with the sole exception of the bit. In all his early work he wore no toe weights, they being put on the first time for the first mile that Mr. Billings drove him, to wagon, in 2:02¾, July 9th."

In 1911 Uhlan gave but five public exhibitions. The first of these was at North Randall and on that occasion Mr. Billings drove him a mile to wagon in two minutes, a world's record, tying that of Lou Dillon, who also was driven by Mr. Billings, and giving him the distinction of being the only person who had driven two different trotters a two-minute mile to wagon. At that time no professional had driven more than one trotter a two-minute mile, and it was

not until 1921 that the feat was accomplished by a professional, Tommy Murphy achieving the honor at Lexington. He made up for lost time, too, for he beat two minutes with two different trotters the same afternoon. The other exhibitions by Uhlan in 1911 consisted of an assault on the half-mile wagon record, which he lowered to 56¼ seconds, where it still stands; a mile at Lexington in 1:59½ to beat the track record of 2:01¾ to sulky; and two half-mile track performances which were history making. At White River Junction, Vt., he lowered the track record from 2:14¾ to 2:04¾, a matter of a mere ten seconds. But prior to that start he had set a record which bids fair to stand unchallenged for some time. He was started at Goshen, N. Y., to lower the track trotting record of 2:08 and all he did to it was to put it at 2:02¾, a world's record.

Mr. Tanner tells us that his training was practically the same as for his 1910 season. As he was not exhibited for money it naturally followed that he was used as his owner desired, and the result was that the track management was fortunate indeed to secure him for an exhibition.

The following year he made the famous trip to the land of the Czar. That was before Russia became Soviet. But on his return he was prepared for a few assaults on the watch and again proved his ability to perform any task set for him. On October 8th he was started to beat the world's record trotting, 1:58½, and accomplished the undertaking by trotting a mile in 1:58. Three days later, with Lewis Forrest as his mate, he was started to beat the world's record of 2:07¾ to pole, and the pair trotted a truly wonderful mile in 2:03¼, Uhlan carrying Lewis Forrest most of the way. Charlie Mitchell, also owned by Mr. Billings, had been conditioned to go the mile to pole with Uhlan, but fell lame in warming up and could not start. He had been carefully prepared, for one of his legs was about gone, but it was Mr. Tanner's hope that he would last long enough for the one supreme effort. His ambition was to set the pole record at two minutes or better. He knew he could depend upon Uhlan, and it is no secret that he had all the confidence in the world in Charlie Mitchell, who had shown him a lot

that was not known at that time to very many people. So it can be safely said that as the day for the Lexington trial approached "Doc" was confident he could do what he had set out to do. It was not a question of merely lowering the record. The object was a two-minute mile. And Charlie Mitchell had convinced him that he was up to what was expected of him. That he was one of the fastest trotters ever trained is certain. Indeed, a good authority has but recently said that in his opinion Charlie was as fast as Uhlan, and then he added: "I am not so sure that he was only just as fast; I believe a mile in 1:56 would have been within his capacity that fall had he remained sound. He would have done some things at the Lexington meeting that people would be talking about to this day." But the ailing leg went down and another two-minute record was thereby missed.

During the season of 1913 Uhlan trotted on exhibition mile in 1:59½ at North Randall. It was not an effort to do anything except go better than two minutes. Late in July he lowered the Comstock Park track, Grand Rapids, record to 1:59¾; the Hamline (Minnesota State Fair track) record to 1:59¾; the Galesburg, Ill., track record to 2:00¼ from 2:03¾, day and track both bad; then went to Lexington and established a world's record of 27 seconds for a quarter of a mile and with running mate set the world's record for that style of hitch at 1:54½, a remarkable exhibition.

That, no doubt, ended the public career of Uhlan. He is a model saddle horse, and for that purpose Mr. Billings uses him if he is used at all. And as he has passed to private life one can but regret that he is gone, for no nobler speciman of the trotting breed has ever appeared, and we may not look upon his like again.

Mr. Robert Proctor, of Readville, Mass., who "discovered" Uhlan and in a few lessons transformed him into a real trotter, has written a detailed story of his discovery and the events in the life of Uhlan while that great trotter was in his hands. It is given precisely as written:

"The summer of 1908 I had been away racing and got home the early part of August. At that time Mr. Charles Sanders told me to keep watch for a nice looking young

horse that would do to matinee and would also make a nice road horse. The Boston Matinee Club was then in its heydey, and Mr. Arthur Parker, of Bedford, the breeder of Uhlan, had been at Readville two months, having the colts he owned trained. Eddie McGrath was training for him, and one day I noticed him driving a black colt that could trot good but after going a short distance would break, go into a pace and chop his quarters. I inquired what he was, and they told me a three-year-old called Uhlan. I got the price and said nothing about it except to Mr. Sanders. I told him I thought he would be a good buy and that when he was balanced would trot in 2:10, which was right good in those days, as we were not thinking as much of two-minutes as we do now.

"I kept drumming at Mr. Sanders, until finally we arranged with Mr. Parker to show the colt. They were preparing to move back to the farm from Readville, and the day before they were to go they showed the colt and he went a mile in 2:21½. Mr. Sanders came by my stable and asked how I liked the colt, and I told him he would make a nice horse and one that would trot in 2:10 when balanced. He said that he liked the looks of him very much but that they wanted too much money for him—the price was around $1,500—and that he did not think he would buy. So I said, 'they are going home tomorrow and if you don't buy him I will before they leave.' His answer to that was, 'if you think that well of him I will see what I can do,' and he went over to the Parker barn, bought the colt and had him sent right over to me.

"It was up to me then to make good. The Globe and The Herald, leading dailies of Boston, began telling about Bob Proctor buying a gold brick for Chas. Sanders. For three days after he came to me I did not put a harness on him, but poulticed his front heels, which were very sore from chopping his quarters. Then I jogged him for three days, shod him, and when I began to drive him, believe me, I was very careful not to let him make a break. For about three weeks I gave him miles from three minutes to 2:40, five heats twice a week, but at times finishing those slow

miles I would let him move after passing the wire if there was no one looking, and I began to think he was about right. One day Mr. Sanders phoned that there would be one more matinee, that he would like to start the colt, and for me to name him. The race was to come about the last of September and that gave me about three more weeks in which to get ready, so I began to move along a little—to a mile in 2:25, last quarter in 33 seconds, and he was flying at the finish. This showed me that he was O. K., and one week before he was to matinee I decided to show him to myself, and say nothing to anyone.

"I began to work him about ten o'clock in the morning, working him five easy miles, the fastest in 2:19. That brought me to noon, and as there were few people at the track that time of year and the boys were all at dinner I said: 'Here is my chance.' I went out, scored twice, went to the half in just 1:10, the third quarter in 34, and the mile in 2:14, which made the last quarter 30 seconds. I said nothing about it, but was sure I had a great trotter.

"Then came the race, but the horse that Uhlan was to start against fell lame and the event was canceled. So I suggested that he go to see if the judges would let him start in the fast class with horses that could trot in 2:12 to 2:15. He thought I was crazy, for I had not told him what I had done with the colt. But he finally went and the judges were willing, but he was quite nervous about it all. I assured him the horse would win if he would not grab hold of him or hit him with the whip, but go right along with the rest. He did as I wanted him to do and won the heat in 2:16¼ easily. The other drivers told him they had allowed him to win that heat but would beat him the next. That made him nervous again and he came for further instructions. I told him to go right off with them and he would win easily. They went away fast, down to the half in 1:05, Uhlan off by himself, and he won the heat by 100 yards in 2:13¾. After the race I told Mr. Sanders he had not yet seen Uhlan trot, that if he would let me hook him to sulky I would show him a mile in 2:08. 'Do you mean that?' he asked, and added 'it can't be possible.' I then said that if he expected

to race him the next year it would not be wise to show him the mile, and so it was not done. That ended his season and I let him down in his work and wintered him nicely.

"In 1909 I started jogging him the first of February, trained him along nicely during the Summer and entered him in the $50,000 handicap and also in the $5,000 Blue Hill. I was keeping the horse under cover so as to get a position in the handicap as near the front line as possible. But Mr. Sanders came out one day and wanted to see him beat 2:10. Against my wishes I drove him the requested mile; worked him six heats, the fifth in 2:07½, last quarter in 29 seconds. His first start was in the handicap, and with so many starters he was excited and was turned the wrong way of the track when the gong sounded, and was out of the money. Two days later I started him in the Blue Hill and won easily, three heats around 2:10.

"He was then shipped to Columbus, where he started in the 2:10 trot and won from Teasel and a dozen more in straight heats—2:07¼, 2:07¼, 2:08. The second week he won the 2:09 trot from Locust Jack and nine others. Jack won the first heat in 2:09¼ and Uhlan won the race, trotting his miles in 2:08, 2:08½. At Lexington he won the Walnut Hall Cup, defeating Spanish Queen and eight more in 2:09¼, 2:07¼, 2:08, and that was his last start for that year.

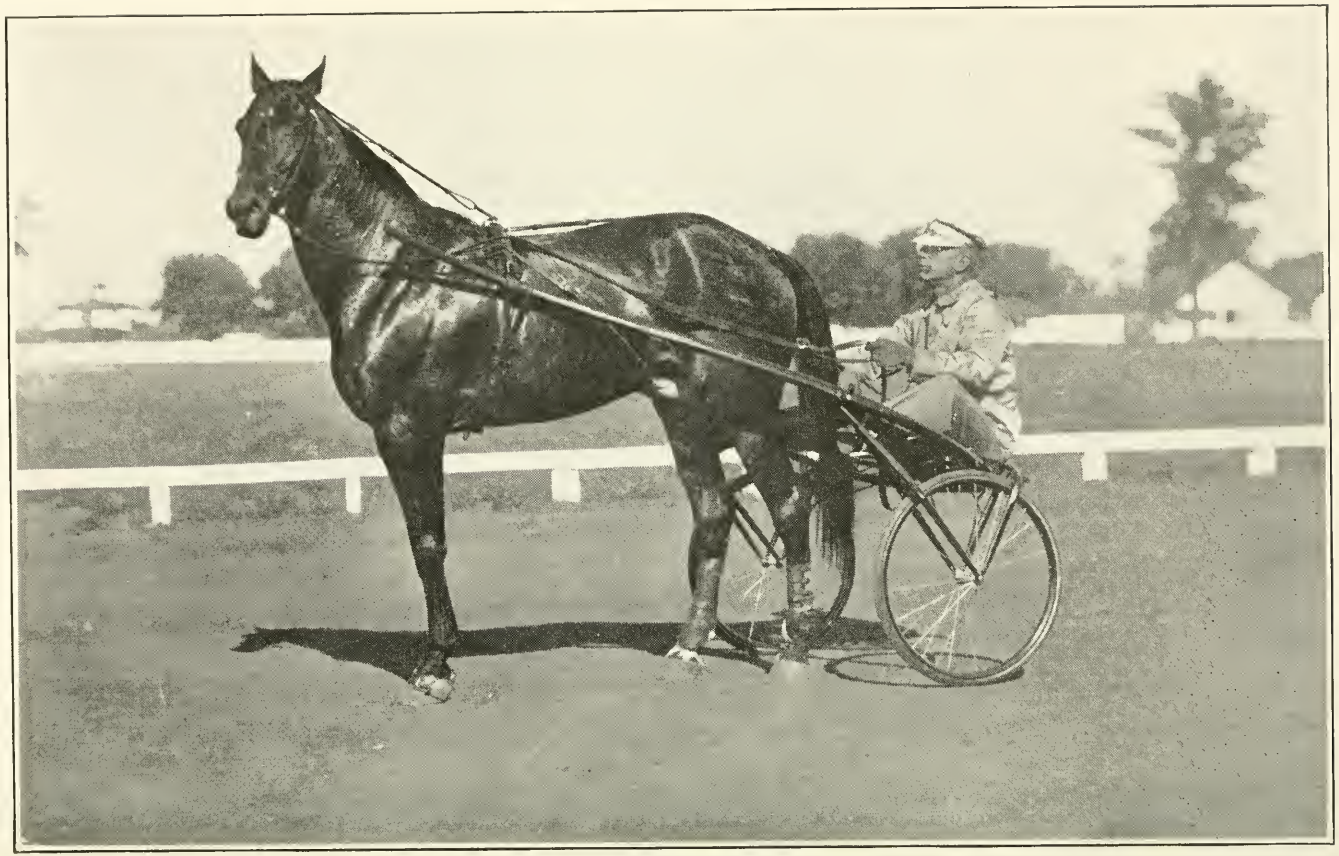
"For 1910 I gave him as nice a preparation as I knew how and started him first at North Randall in the 2:07 trot, beating San Francisco, Lady Jones and others in 2:06¼, 2:03¾, which is pretty good evidence that he was fairly well prepared. At Fort Erie he beat practically the same field in slower time. Then the North Randall contingent was after me red hot to go back to that track and race Hamburg Belle. I did not want to make that race until after the Columbus meeting, but finally agreed to ship him back from Buffalo and send my other horses on to Readville. The night before the race I told the crowd at the club house that I would make the mare beat her record, which was then 2:02½, if she defeated me. Some of them laughed at that. When I warmed my trotter up for the race I thought I could win and

told a few friends so and I bet some on my chances. In the draw the mare got the pole. I raced him lapped on her and did not try until we had passed the draw gate. Then he closed and at the wire I could not tell who was ahead. Neither could Billy Andrews, who asked me 'who won it?' It was too close for me.' Then he saw the time on the announcer and shouted 'look at the time—2:01¼.' The second heat I decided to take her away faster, so we were at the half in 59¼ and I had a neck the best of the argument. After we passed the half my horse made a misstep. I looked down two or three times but we were going so fast I could not see what the trouble was. He finally made a break near the five-eighths pole, then I discoverd the cause of his trouble and pulled up and was distanced. The quarter boot had worked in between the shoe and the foot and that caused the break, the only one, by the way, he ever made with me.

"After that race I was more confident than ever that he could beat the mare, and so the race for Readville was arranged. I raced her the same way I had done at North Randall, as she drew the pole again, and in the first heat I had her beaten at the seven-eighths; won the heat sitting still in 2:03¼. The second heat I let her take the pole at the eighth, lapped my horse on her wheel until we reached the three-quarter hope, then started after her and beat her handily in 2:04¼.

"They would not race Uhlan any more and as I was offered a purse to beat 2:03½ at Columubs I took the offer. The day set for us was not very favorable, but rather than disappoint the audience I started, for I felt that Uhlan could trot all the way at the outside fence and beat 2:03½. I scored him twice and drove him to the half in 1:02¼ and he trotted the rest of the way in a minute. That was the day I should have beaten two minutes with him, for he was equal to it, I am sure. He was booked to try it at Lexington, but the second week at Columbus Mr. Billings bought him, and that ended my connection with the greatest trotter that ever wore harness."

Uhlan was bred by Mr. Arthur H. Parker, Bedford, Mass., and was by Bingen—Blondella by Sir Walter, Jr.



Lee Axworthy 1:58¼—Ben F. White

Here was a champion. In every stride
He moved like one who Time defied.
—Anonymous.

LEE AXWORTHY

World's Champion Trotting Stallion
Record 1:58¼

LEE AXWORTHY'S wonderful, though very short, career presents one of the many oddities which spring from horse trading. At his time he was the best bred stallion that had appeared in the ranks of the trotters of extreme speed, yet there was a time, in the early months of his life that he seemed destined, despite his marvelous blood lines, to become a candidate for the discard. No fault can be attributed to his first trainer, a man of infinite patience and of marked success in his chosen profession. Too much credit cannot be given to the second man who handled the colt, for it was through wonderful skill and persistence that he finally brought the youngster around to the right way of going and developed in him the marvelous speed which eventually made him the champion trotting stallion with a record of 1:58¼. Nor can the third trainer who handled him and who had the good fortune to drive him to his record, be denied the great credit due him in the making of this fast trotter. The story as it unfolds will show the part each of the three took in the creation of a champion, for Lee Axworthy's record still stands, at the beginning of 1922, as the best for a trotting stallion.

This colt, bred at Ardmaer Farm, Raritan, N. J., where his sire was owned at that time, was bought at public sale by a client of Walter Cox. Walter gave him as much education as a yearling as he would take, which was not enough "to hurt", for the truth is that the youngster did not show very much to indicate that he was royally bred. In his

two-year-old form he was never known to exhibit anything to make the rail birds as much as "peep" and in the early summer of that year after taking a time record a little below 2:30 he figured in one of the romantic horse trades which help to add interest to the great sport of racing. No one has ever been able to say who got the worst of this historic "swap" and it is no sure thing, no matter what happened subsequently, that in the long run one party to it profited more than the other. A current story tells of two Missourians who traded horses and as all the neighbors knew both horses that figured in the trade were bad horses the matter was discussed a great deal at the corner grocery. At the end of one of the discussions among the puzzled gossips one remarked: "What mystifies me is how in the world they happened to git it on one another."

It happens that nobody was trying to put anything across in the trade that made Lee Axworthy a member of the Pastime Stable of Cleveland. The story of that trade is told in detail in another chapter of this volume under the title: "The World's Champion Two-Minute Horse Trade". Another colt, Prince Loree 2:00-2:03¼ figured in the trade. It happened that Prince Loree proved a disappointment and for his new owners was never worth a dollar yet eventually became a champion. But that is another story and will be found in the chapter of this book which tells of Prince Loree.

That fall, 1913, the bay colt was taken to Thomasville, Ga., with the rest of the stable and W. J. Andrews continued his education, which up to that time had not amounted to much because the colt declined to take part in it. He was much like the wife of the mountain district representative in the Kentucky legislature who was invited to attend the "opera" at Frankfort and who replied, "Yes, I reckon I'll go 'long. But I don't low to take no part." Lee declined for many days. Andrews persisted. It is recorded that the day of Lee's banishment was about to arrive for his owners had advised their trainer to "throw him away". Fortunately for all concerned on the day of reckoning the colt showed his trainer enough to justify further effort and he was given the

chance that made him. His career as a three-year-old was such as to stamp him among the truly great, his race in the Kentucky Futurity being enough to lift him to a high plane among trotters.

It was as a four-year-old that he both shone brightly in the trotting firmament and also went into an eclipse which at one time threatened to be total and final. He again proved his worth as a game, consistent race horse then fell a victim to a mysterious sickness and was retired for the year. In midsummer Mr. Andrews suffered a sunstroke that permanently retired him from the ranks of active trainers and race drivers and Lee Axworthy was placed in the hands of Mr. Ben F. White whose consummate skill and care kept Lee Axworthy on the road to fame that Mr. Andrews had blazed. It is easy to say that a trainer was "handed a horse ready-made" but, as Mr. Sanders has already pointed out in his chapter on Lou Dillon, a very fast trotter is much like a violin which put away at night all in tune must be tuned up again the next day. So Mr. White at least had to keep Lee Axworthy in tune. That he did and did it well is history and no chapter in the life of that worthy gentleman is brighter than the one which tells of his great success with Lee Axworthy. And it is with that we now are about to deal.

In the hands of Mr. White, during the season of 1916, Lee Axworthy trotted five different miles in two minutes or better and won the stallion crown at Lexington, Ky., October 4th, with his grand mile in 1:58¼. The ability with which this great trotter was kept in superb condition is shown by the fact that at every engagement he did as much as was expected of him.

Mr. White furnishes, for this volume, the following brief story of the preparation of the trotter for his record-breaking campaign:

"I commenced Lee Axworthy's training the first day of January, 1916, at Thomasville, Ga., where we wintered the horses of the Pastime Stable as was the custom. I gave him jog work from four to six miles every day but never more than six miles.

"On the first day of March I began to give him slow

miles. These were around three minutes and by the first of May I had asked him to increase the clip to miles in 2:30.

"We then shipped the horses to Lexington, Ky., and shortly after we reached there I began to ask him for miles at 2:20. Of course this was on a mile track (the track at Thomasville is a half-mile). I would work him twice each week, three heats one work out and four heats the next. After he began working around 2:15 I would step him the last quarter at a two-minute gait. Then I would step him the first quarter at a two-minute gait and go the last end easy. I did this until he could step away from the wire fast or come home fast. As you may know, after he had been given a lot of miles in this way it was easy for him to beat 2:10. Always a good feeder and doer his work was never interrupted at all.

"I worked him a great many miles close to 2:10, then I dropped him about two seconds each week until about the 20th of July when I worked him one mile in 2:04. That was his fastest mile before he started at North Randall to beat the record for trotting stallions which he succeeded in doing, trotting twice during the second Grand Circuit meeting in 2:00¼ and beating the record three-quarters of a second, it being held then by The Harvester at 2:01.

"The next trial was to be at Syracuse at the time of the New York State Fair in September. So I had about three weeks to wait. In the meantime I kept him fresh but stepped him a good mile every four days. When he made his effort at Syracuse he trotted every quarter in exactly thirty seconds and his mile in two minutes made him the first two-minute trotting stallion.

"After that effort I continued to work him every four days and would ask him to step one good mile in every work-out. Part of his work was given him at Columbus where he had no start and over that track I worked him two different miles in 2:02. We then started him at Lexington, on October 4th, and he reduced the stallion trotting record to 1:59½ and on October 7th he further lowered it to 1:58¼. At the same meeting Mr. Devereux drove him to the world's wagon record for trotting stallions—2:02¾.

"Lee Axworthy wore an open bridle, plain snaffle and check bit; he went with his head checked just about even with his shoulders. He wore close fitting quarter boots, no toe weights; his front shoes weighed six ounces and were plain with crease in the toe. His hind shoes were 4 ounces in weight each and were swedged. His front toes were 3⅝ inches and his hind toes were 3½ inches."

The two-minute miles trotted by Lee Axworthy indicates in their fractional time his marvelous speed. For instance in his first assault on the stallion record he trotted the last half in fifty-nine and a half seconds. His Syracuse mile, as already told by Mr. White was trotted at the even rate of thirty seconds to every quarter, a superb piece of rating both on the part of the driver as well as the horse. The record mile of 1:58¼ at Lexington was notable for the extreme flight of speed for the first half, which was covered in 58½ seconds yet the final quarter was done in 30¾. Great as he proved himself to be in assaults against Father Time those who saw all of his performances will probably agree that he shone with equal splendor at racing. He showed his worth in the M. and M., which he won and it stood out amazingly in his contest with Peter Volo. Though he was beaten the first heat in 2:02 he was fire and sword in the second heat and when he won it in 2:03¼ every spectator knew the race was as good as over. Sickness, never accounted for, took him out of the fighting arena shortly after his North Randall victory over Peter Volo and no doubt deprived him of piling up a great money-winning score on the Grand Circuit.

The writer has in mind that he was somewhat inclined to "wing" with his right foot but he does not recall having noticed this peculiarity of gait when he trotted his two-minute miles. His ability to get away was marvelous and it did not appear that any extra effort on the part of his driver was necessary to get him to leave the wire almost at the speed of a thoroughbred. He was a most beautiful horse and he had all the air of a champion and had about him, in his whole demeanor, that intangible thing which is best known as class. While his record in a race is but 2:03¼

the writer is one who firmly believes that there was a time in his career when he could easily have set the world's race record at two minutes or better had he found at any time a foeman worthy of his speed. Retired to the stud the year following the trotting of his record mile, he lived but two years yet in that time sired many colts of great worth and in fact it is doubtful if any other sire begot as great a percentage of fast trotters as did he. He shone brilliantly while he lived and his early death was more than a loss to the breeding interests.

His fast miles, most of them championship performances of one kind or another are as follows:

North Randall, O., August 22, 1916	30½	1:01¼	1:30¾	2:00¼
North Randall, O., August 25, 1916	30	1:00¾	1:30½	2:00¼
Syracuse, N. Y., September 12, 1916	30	1:00	1:30	2:00
Lexington, Ky., October 4, 1916	30¼	59¾	1:28½	1:59½
Lexington, Ky., October 7, 1916	29¾	58½	1:27½	1:58¼
Atlanta, Ga., October 20, 1916	30¾	1:00¼	1:30½	1:59¾
Lexington, Ky., October 26, 1916	29¾	59	1:29	1:59¼

Lee Axworthy was a bay horse that stood not more than 15 hands but was stoutly made and in every respect he was as handsome as he was speedy and game. More than that cannot be said of any good horse.

His breeding blended the blood of the two great sires, Guy Axworthy and Bingen, the first being his sire the second the sire of his dam and in him was also blended the blood of Young Jim, Red Wilkes, Guy Wilkes, Mambrino Patchen and that of other "old time" sires. And, until the year 1921 brought out the two-minute trotters Peter Manning and Arion Guy it must be said that he was the best bred fast trotter that had yet appeared.

At this place is appears to be fitting that there be added to the story of Lee Axworthy something about him that comes from Mr. Ed Wise, Superintendent of the North Randall track, who was with the Pastime Stable when Mr. Andrews was developing the future champion trotting stallion and was second trainer to Mr. Ben White the year he drove the horse to his championship records. There is no keener observer than "Eddie" Wise and what he has related

for publication in this volume is well worth while. He says:

"Mr. Andrews shod the colt in the fall of 1913 with 8½ ounce plain front shoes which were not changed for some time except to square them at the toes. He carried 3 ounce toe weights but not when he took his record, nor at all that year—1916. Behind he wore 3¾ to 4 ounce swedge shoes always with the toes squared. By the time he took his best record the weight of his front shoes had been reduced to six ounces each.

"Most of the time he wore hinged quarter boots and hind shin boots with speedy-cut attachment. He would wear a pair of scalpers out in about two weeks and always wore them for jogging but not when asked to step.

"At first he was rigged with a pole but he found a way to break it, for he did not like the way it held him when it was rigged with the usual halter and ring. Finally, one day, he broke the halter and Mr. Andrews just put the end of it through the bridle and let it go at that. So did the colt and never offered to fight it the least bit when it was put on him that way.

"I have seen him, fighting that head pole before it was changed until he would fall into the ditch that ran alongside the track. Mr. Andrews would just dismount, push him back on the track, remount and go merrily on his way. Shortly after one of those incidents the pole was changed and that ended the trouble from that direction. I suppose he was the only horse whose head pole was put on without the halter and ring.

"The day he first showed Mr. Andrews any trot was, as I remember, late in April, 1914. He hit a trot on the upper turn that was real trot. I met him just as he came into the stretch and he shouted to me: 'I've got him.' He stepped the last eighth of that mile in 16 seconds and Mr. Andrews turned him right around, without leaving the track and worked him a mile in 2:27½.

"The colt had been priced to a resident of Thomasville at $150 subject to the consent of his trainer but the deal was never made, of course, yet there were many times when

it looked like it would go through. Nothing but the persistence and patience of Mr. Andrews prevented. During the time when Lee did not show anything, that we ever knew of, Danny O'Connell took care of him and we worked together, helping one another, so I saw much of the colt and when he was working with him I helped. Every day I would say to him: 'Danny, this horse will trot some day, I know he will or Mr. Andrews wouldn't fool with him.' And always Danny would point at the neck of the colt, just back of his ears and retort: 'Eddie, he's too thick right there.'

"He was a regular country cut-up and knew more things to do than most small boys. He wore a blanket all that winter. One day we clipped him and put him away at night blanketed. The next morning Danny found that blanket torn into as small bits as he could make them. Then for a long time he was allowed to get along without a blanket or sheet. After one of his early race performances Mr. Haskell said he would stand the expense of sheets for the colt and purchased a half-dozen for him. The colt bided his time. It is probably true that no other horse ever was watched more closely than Danny watched Lee Axworthy. He was so seldom away from the stall that Lee had to seize the slightest opportunity to get into mischief. One day he was standing half asleep and Danny went a few feet away to a water tap for a drink. As he lifted the cup to his lips he heard something go "rip" and hurried back to the stall to find Lee standing just as he had left him, still half asleep, apparently but the sheet was ripped from end to end and the piece he had torn out of it was lying at his front feet.

"Danny was a great boy to keep the stall looking neat, the bedding in order and everything ship shape. On the campaign there always were visitors and besides Danny believed in order and decency. But no sooner would he turn his back than Lee would begin to root up his bedding until his stall looked as if the pigs had been rooting in it. Then he would wind up, if left alone long enough, by rooting all the bedding into the hall in front of his quarters. To stop that lime was sprinkled over the floor before the bedding

was put down and that stopped him. Not liking the lime the next boy that had him, Nick Karper, used talcum powder and the horse never learned the difference. To keep him from tearing his blanket in the stall a stick was put on him and occasionally he would lie down with the stick underneath him, and on the instant he would flop over as easily as a boy.

"At night if he happened to drink all the water out of his pail and would want another drink he would rattle the pail against the wall until sleep was out of the question and the only thing to do was to get up and wait on him.

"In all his racing career he missed one feed. That was his dinner the day before he was to start against the stallion record at North Randall, and he appeared to be a very sick horse. He just refused to eat but we worked with him that afternoon, kept him in a temporary paddock outside the barn and by evening he was ready to eat all he could get at. His ration consisted of two quarts of crushed oats three times a day, making six quarts in all, with a bran mash added to the two quarts fed at night. But he had all the hay he could eat and he could put nearly as much away as an elephant. Hay was to him like candy to a kid, he was ready for it all the time and he never seemed to really get enough.

"The day he got his record of 1:58¼ he had hay just like he wanted it, which was all the time. Nick booted and harnessed him as he munched his hay and when Mr. White took him out his sides bulged like those of a brood mare. But Nick knew and as he patted him on the belly after he was harnessed and his driver had mounted the sulky to begin to warm him up Nick said: 'He's in great shape Mr. White, you'll lower all the records today.' And he did.

"He must have known how to feed himself for when we left Thomasville in the Spring of 1916 he weighed exactly 900 pounds. When we got back to Lexington in the late fall, shipping from Atlanta and starting against time the day after we reached Lexington, going the mile in 1:59¼, he weighed 880 pounds."

Peter Manning 1:57¾—T. W. Murphy

Your's is the day! We greet you
'Tis our's to stand aside.
—Marion N. Gaskill.

PETER MANNING

Champion Trotter of the World
Record 1:57¾

WHEN, on October 6th, 1921, Peter Manning set the world's record for trotters at 1:57¾, he displaced the 1:58 of Uhlan which stood for nine years and it is somewhat of a coincidence that when Uhlan, in 1912, set the world's record at 1:58, he displaced the 1:58½ of Lou Dillon who was the first two-minute trotter and whose record had been the best for nine years and that is what caused Mr. Charles Tanner, who trained and drove Uhlan, to declare that the extremely fast trotters do not appear often enough and that "nine years is too long to wait for a champion". Whether we will have to wait nine years for a successor to Peter Manning depends, as it happens, on Tommy Murphy, trainer and driver of the present champion, and his other two-minute trotter, Arion Guy 1:59½. They will have their opportunity. After racing Peter Manning successfully in 1920, Mr. Murphy drove him to the world's record in 1921, as stated, and while he may make the attempt to further lower that record with him it is to Arion Guy, the younger trotter, that many horsemen look to lower the record. This is no particular place for prophecy but it may be that both of the Murphy horses will lower the record that stood at the close of 1921. Tommy is in the habit of doing unexpected things.

Before proceeding with the story of Peter Manning it is well to glance at the growth of the list of two-minute trotters. Few people realize that there is something out of the ordinary in the making of a trotter that can show the

public a two-minute, or better, mile. And yet in the nineteen years included in the period 1903-1921, but six trotters have shown that capacity in public trials and two of them made their records as long ago as 1903, for it was in that year that Lou Dillon trotted the first mile in two-minutes and set the world's record at 1:58½ and Major Delmar set the record for trotting geldings at 1:59¾. Seven years elapsed before another two-minute trotter appeared and he only succeeded in lowering the record of Major Delmar and lacked a quarter of a second of equaling the mark of Lou Dillon. As already stated nine years went by after the Lou Dillon championship mile before Uhlan became fastest of trotters, for it was in 1912 that he trotted in 1:58.

Six years after Uhlan entered the two-minute list Lee Axworthy trotted to a record of 1:58¼, the first stallion to enroll his name among the very elect of the trotting turf, the best record for a stallion up to that time having been 2:01. That increased the list of two-minute trotters to a total of but four and yet thirteen years had gone by since the day of Lou Dillon and Major Delmar.

Lee Axworthy's year was 1916 and while three other trotters appeared about that time that appeared to have chances to trot in two-minutes or faster, none of them did it, the nearest approach being the 2:01 of Lu Princton. Five years went by and then the history of 1903 was repeated and the names of two more trotters were enrolled, Peter Manning 1:57¾, the new champion and a gelding and Arion Guy 1:59½, a four-year-old and a stallion and also the first of his age to get into the extra-select list. They brought the total up to six.

As further showing the importance of a two-minute trotting record and the extremely difficult task of lowering the trotting record, it should be remembered that the first two-minute trotter took a record of 1:58½ and that the present world's record is but three-quarters of a second faster, so that the task of developing and training a trotter to where the ability to cut off a quarter of a second is shown is by no means an easy one. Hence the men who have brought out the two-minute trotters have accomplished great things and

those who have succeeded in getting their pupils up to where they could lower the record, even through it be by but the smallest fraction of a second (as timing prevails on the trotting tracks) have done something away beyond the usual. Six two-minute trotters in nineteen years does not look like a great number. But the trotting breed is yet young and two-minute trotters are still two-minute trotters. Nor is it probable that they will ever be produced in great numbers. One every three years is not many. But it is possible that the average may change. There are those who believe that in the not distant future trotters will race in two minutes, because there will be more trotters bred with that capacity. Be that as it may, the situation at the beginning of the year 1922 is that in nineteen years but six two-minute trotters have appeared, and that while two came out in 1921, the same thing occurred in 1903.

With this brief outline of the history of the two-minute trotter we will now go on to present the story of the present champion, Peter Manning, 1:57¾, bay gelding by Azoff-Glendora G. by Emmett Grattan.

Bred in Lake County, Illinois, by W. M. Wright, Peter Manning was developed by Harry Putnam, of which later, and after that trainer gave him a time record of 2:06½, as a three-year-old, he was bought by Thomas W. Murphy, acting for Mr. Irvin W. Gleason of Williamsport, Pa., for $21,000. Mr. Murphy raced him through the Grand Circuit in 1920, when the colt was four years of age, and he was returned the winner of every race but one during that season and retired for the year with the world's record for trotting geldings in a race, which was 2:02½.

During that year nothing was done with him with any other object in view than to fit him for his races and keep him in condition to win them. His best record was made in the race for the Transylvania purse at Lexington, and it came about in the fortunes of war that Mr. Murphy was injured and was unable to do the driving, that task falling to Mr. Harry Stokes.

With a winning race record of 2:02½ the prospective champion was without racing engagements for the season of

1921 unless something unforseen should occur to bring enough other trotters into his class to enable the Grand Circuit tracks to make offerings that would again introduce the gelding to actual contests. In accordance with that situation and because his trainer believed he had ability to lower the world's record for trotters, his preparation began for that sort of effort shortly after the opening of the Grand Circuit racing season. As there were to be no particular early efforts, a mile in about 2:11 was the best Peter was asked to step before the stable left Poughkeepsie for North Randall, about the middle of June. As the season advanced there was resort to fast quarters at both ends of the miles and these were usually, when the proper time came, in 29 to 29¼ seconds. In the main the system followed was the "mile on mile", dropping at the proper time the necessary few seconds until the time to ask for great speed was reached, and then came the fast quarters. As the result of this work Peter Manning learned to step a quarter in 27¾ seconds, and a half in 56.

In the course of a recent conversation with the writer on the subject of the champion's chances for a new record Mr. Murphy made this brief but significant observation: "I do not see why he should not do it; he trotted a half in 56 seconds." Twice 56 is 112, that is 1:52 for the mile, and while no harness horse has ever done that, and perhaps no one expects Peter Manning to do it, there is ample reason for the belief that the champion's trainer has a mile in 1:56 in mind, and that will require but 58 seconds for each half, and the fast trotters have done so many things that it is idle to sit back and say "Peter Manning cannot do that". And it should be further remembered that the confidence of a competent trainer has much to do with what a great horse accomplishes. And no trainer ever had more confidence in a trotter than Tommy Murphy has in Peter Manning, despite the fact that it is extremely difficult to get him to make any predictions concerning his future other than the one which has just been quoted.

Carrying his good trotter along and working him all that he seemed to require in order to make speed and carry his clip, Murphy decided at Readville during the Grand Circuit

meeting in August, that the time had arrived to make another addition to the list of two-minute trotters, which had been growing slowly, and to which there had been no additions since 1916, Lee Axworthy's year. The gelding was started over the original two-minute track on the thirtieth day of August, 1921, and performed strictly up to expectations, trotting the mile in exactly two minutes, and making the fifth trotter to accomplish that feat. It has been said that this performance was gratifying to Murphy for many reasons, and that his goal had been to drive a trotter into the two-minute list. Perhaps the proper way to put it would be to say that he was quite anxious to perform that feat, one so few men had accomplished. But it was only a step toward the real goal, which was to drive Peter Manning to the world's record. Two weeks later, when he trotted his mile in 1:58 over the New York State Fair track at Syracuse, the feat was something to talk about, for it tied the world's record which had been set by Uhlan, at Lexington, in 1912. But that, as well, was but a step toward the Murphy goal. He had the sole ownership of the champion record in view, and he kept right on. He drove Peter Manning two fine miles at Columbus, giving that fast track its first trotting mark in two minutes or better, and that put the finishing touches on the gelding's preparation for the effort, to be made at Lexington, to secure the world's record.

The feat was accomplished and the mile was trotted in 1:57¾, and the diffidence of the human factor in the performance is described by one of his friends in these words:

"While the thousands welcomed the performance with fast beating hearts, hand-clapping and shouts of congratulations, the hero of the occasion was conspicuously absent, having failed to respond to the calls from the audience which desired to accord him its homage. He had driven Peter Manning off the track and, with acclamations ringing in his ears, sought solitude."

The Lexington audience had no greater disappointment than most people have had in trying to get the Poughkeepsie reinsman to talk about what he has done. He will cheerfully answer many of the millions of questions that are put to him

every year, but he declines to go into any extended preachment as to how he trains trotters. There is no doubt that he would be a wise counselor for any man who was having training troubles, and that he would go far out of his way, on request, to be of assistance to any one. But talking about himself is another matter entirely. And that explains why he disappeared that great day at Lexington, and disproves the belief that he had gone away to hold to his overflowing heart, lest it burst under the new and valued honors that came to him. It may be possible that he did not hold the new record as highly as did some of his friends. Records had come to be quite common to him, for more than fifty-seven "bests" have been accredited to him in his career.

Getting back to Peter Manning. He had been pretty well trained and mannered before he joined the stable of Mr. Murphy, but he did develop two slight faults that had to be corrected before he could go to the races. One of them was that peculiar one which many trotters and pacers try to put over, and which consisted in wanting to turn one way only. He was soon taught that he must obey orders, and no great difficulty was encountered in teaching him the lesson. The other consisted in a desire, put into action, to rush away at speed whenever he was turned to score. To correct that fault his trainer used all the arts of persuasion and all the means at his command except punishment—that was not called into action. But he did resort to the rope halter, and in a very short time Peter had learned that he would not be permitted to do the thing he so much wanted to do. And he took that lesson in his matter-of-fact way and did not have to be taught it again.

At first he was exceedingly shy of strangers and did not care to have them about him. They were not at all welcome in his stall, and when they appeared at the door he would make his way to the farthest corner and refuse to have anything to do with them. Nor has he entirely gotten over that peculiarity, although he will visit in a most friendly way a great deal of the time. It is not at all unlikely that the sugar which has been carried to him by so many of his admirers

has had much to do with his changing attitude. As Mike McDevitt says, "sugar is a great civilizer for horses."

There never was a better doer. There may have been many just as good, but there will never be found one who is better. Nothing appears to disturb him, and he ships as if he had been a railroader all his life. His appetite is always keen, but he is in no sense a glutton. Like many other great horses have been, he is partial to hay and wants plenty of it all the time. It follows that he gets it.

His weight? Well, one person's guess is as good as another's. He has not been on the scales since he joined the Murphy establishment, but he looks very much like a thousand pounds or so, say fifty for the "so", and he holds his weight remarkably well, no matter how strenuous his campaign may be. He is a big gelding, measuring 15 hands 3⅛ inches at the withers, and while there are none of the so-called heroic lines about him, his conformation is quite pleasing and one gentleman who may be considered, in fact is, a thoughtful observer, says that he appears to grow better looking each succeeding year. On this point Mr. Murphy relates an incident which fits well at this point of our narrative.

In the early winter when Peter Manning was a newcomer to the Poughkeepsie caravan, a party of gentlemen paid the place a visit. Among them were two quite prominent track managers. When they visited the stables the first horse shown them was Peter Manning. They were in the stall with the then three-year-old, and Tommy was attending to some small matter not far away. The two track managers looked the gelding over very carefully, and finally one of them said: "I don't see what Murph saw in that common-looking thing to put all that money in him", then asked his fellow manager, "Do you?" The prompt answer was "No, I don't; he's the commonest thing I ever saw."

It is presumed that he looked better to them the next year when he won the rich stakes their associations offered for trotters. But while Peter is not what would be called a beauty, he has a "business" look which conforms quite well to his business-like way of doing things, and there is an old saying that "handsome is as handsome does"—not particularly ele-

gant, but filling the bill as to what it means. It might be said, however, that this is no effort to create the impression that Peter Manning is homely, for he is not; he merely lacks some of the frills that sometimes go with the turf stars, and that is all there is to it.

Peter Manning has done all his trotting with short toes, shoes as light as possible and no toe weight, and a limited assortment of boots. When he took his record of 2:06½ at three years he carried rubber quarter boots, but those were soon discarded, so that his total boot equipment when he raced and when he went his two-minute miles, consisted of hind shin boots. Mr. Murphy hopes to some time be able to drive him a fast mile with no boots of any sort, and while he will not have to take many off, the spectacle of a mile in two minutes or better, perhaps a championship mile, by a trotter without boots, will be something worth seeing.

The front shoes of the champion weigh 6½ ounces and are bar shoes perfectly plain. The length of his front toes is 3¾ inches and the angle is 47. The hind shoes are 4½ ounce, square toed and swedged with heel extension and heel calks turned up. For hard tracks a very light rim pad is used under the front shoes. The hind shoes are fitted with bars merely to strengthen them, and for no other purpose.

In some of his races, the season Mr. Murphy was injured and could not drive, Peter Manning was rigged with a head pole, but for that a side strap was substituted, and its use is accounted for by the fact that Peter is a trotter who sometimes quite easily gets out of line and is then apt to brush the inside of his hind ankles.

"Marque" has this interesting thing to say about the gait of the champion: "Here is an observation I will submit as an oddity in respect to Peter Manning's gait; a feature I have discussed with trainers and upon which I have found them to agree with me, and that is the fact that when jogging or trotting along at medium speed, he appears to be gaited just the same as when he is speeding. In other words, unlike practically all other fast trotters, he does not change his method of gait when moving from slow into high speed—just moves his legs faster, that's all. He has not the same sort of front

stroke that is characteristic of our modern trotters. He strides fairly high in front, but instead of putting his feet down with a sharp or forceful impact, seems to lightly let them fall of their own volition, without the slightest apparent effort."

And on this same subject his trainer says: "He lands very flat with his front feet, but when riding behind him I have observed that just before he strikes the track his feet are given a slight outward flip, the toes turning towards the outside with a quick movement. I believe that this keeps him from hitting the ground with the hard impact that flat-footed striders usually do."

A brief but graphic description of Peter Manning's record mile at Lexington October 6th, 1921, appeared in the American Sportsman, and is as follows: "There was not one in all the crowd that was heard to express any hope that he could trot in time to make necessary the removal of the figures 1:58 that had adorned the timing stand since 1912, the year Uhlan made that record. Peter Manning was accompanied by the runners driven by John Benyon and Hunter Moody, and trotted the most wonderful mile yet achieved by any horse. When he reached the quarter and the time showed thirty seconds, and then the half in fifty-nine seconds, it was generally thought that Murphy had made a mistake in going too slow. Then when the three-quarters showed only 1:29 the task looked hopeless. But he came through the stretch like a runner, and at the seven-eigths was joined by a third prompter. Murphy was after him with one of his 'high line' drives, and the horse flashed under the wire in 1:57¾, a record never touched by any other trotter, and a feat worthy of the greatest commendation."

The world's records held by Peter Manning are five in number, and are as follows: Fastest trotter, 1:57¾; fastest gelding, 1:57¾; fastest four-year-old gelding, 2:02½; fastest five-year-old, 1:57¾; fastest three-heat race, 2:03, 2:02¾, 2:02½. Until the season of 1921 he held the record for the fastest race heat by a gelding, 2:02½, losing it when Greyworthy trotted in 2:02¼

The champion's record miles, trotted in 1921, are as follows:

North Randall—To beat 2:02¼	:30¾	1:01½	1:31	2:00¼
Readville—To beat 2:00¼	:30¼	:59¾	1:29½	2:00
Syracuse—To beat 2:00	:30¼	:59¾	1:28¾	1:58
Columbus—To beat 2:01, track record	:30	:59	1:29	1:59¼
Lexington—To beat 1:58, world's record	:30	:59½	1:29	1:57¾

In one respect Tommy Murphy and John J. McGraw, manager of the New York National League team, are alike, and that is their purchase of developed material. But do not think for a minute that either of them depends entirely on that method of procedure. Glance over the long list of players that have performed for McGraw and note that many of his very best were developed on his team and were not purchased. Then take a look at the long list of great trotters and pacers that Murphy has exhibited, and note the large number of them that he developed. There is nothing in anything that Murphy has said to indicate that he cares a "rap" what is said about his methods, but once in a great while he lets go of a remark along this line: "Nobody appeared to want Peter Manning at the price but me, when I bought him. A lot of other people saw him and knew he was for sale. He looked like he was worth having, and I paid $21,000 for him. I guess anybody else could have bought him." And again, in talking about the same subject, he said: "If they are for sale and I like them, I buy them if I have the price. Arion Guy was for sale and most people knew it, for no secret was made of it. But he was still for sale when I got him; I drove him a mile in 2:23 and bought him. He was'nt kept for me, and it was through no strategy of mine or my friends that I bought a Futurity winner and a two-minute trotter." And speaking of making instead of buying, but one example of recent times need be cited to show that Murphy does not have to require that they be handed to him ready made, and that one is Rose Scott, winner of the Kentucky Futurity at two and three, with a record of 2:03½. "All I ask is a good horse and that he do well for me. I buy all for a purpose, and they do not all become champions either, nor for that matter, good race winners."

And it can further be said to the great credit of the

Poughkeepsie reinsman, that he always wants every man who is entitled to it to have his share of the honor that comes through the performances of a great horse. For instance, in speaking of Directum I he remarked: "A lot of men have made good horses; there is Johnny Ryan, who brought out Directum I and won many a good race with him, and gave him a fast record; and Ray Snedeker had him and drove him to a world's record." And that spirit actuates Tommy Murphy all the while and is an indication of that innate modesty which, while it does not curb his ambition to do great things, does prevent him from assuming the attitude of taking honor to which he does not feel himself entitled.

That is not much about Peter Manning, but it has to do with the circumstance under which he passed to the management of Murphy. Also this might be the proper place to record the observation that if there is any man who does not heartily praise every trainer who does the very best he can do and tries his best all the time he may be a sportsman of a kind, but not of the two-minute kind.

The fall Peter Manning was two years old Harry Putnam ground broke him, but did not do anything with him that winter. A combination of circumstances prevented any further education for the colt until the following April (1919), at which time Harry re-opened his training stable at the half-mile track of the Libertyville, Ill., fair. The colt took his lessons in breaking all right, and made speed when his education had progressed to where it was asked for. It was early in the schooling that Harry discovered that Peter could not get on with long toes nor carry very much weight. He at once began reducing both until he had the toes as short as it was possible to get them, and had reduced the weight of the front shoes to six ounces each.

That accomplished, Peter made speed as rapidly as his tutor allowed him to make it, and that was enough to indicate that he was destined to be quite a trotter with any kind of good fortune. In the early fall he was started at the Libertyville fair, and won in 2:17¼. Just a little later he trotted the mile track at the Wisconsin State Fair in 2:10, and began to attract the attention of the public. In a slow mile he

trotted the final quarter in thirty seconds. Then he was started at Lexington for a record, and trotted in 2:06½, equalling the then world's record for three-year-old geldings held by Easton. Peter trotted the last half of his mile in 1:00½, and the last quarter in 29¼ seconds. The performance created almost as much commotion as a stirring finish, and the sale of the youngster shortly after for $21,000 to Tommy Murphy for Mr. Gleason was announced. The early career of the champion reflects great credit upon a young trainer who has made his way in the world through sheer force of merit and honest methods.

So far as general principles are concerned there has been no great change in the shoeing and rigging of Peter Manning since he passed from the charge of Harry Putnam. He goes somewhat different in a way, and yet there remains the same peculiarity of gait that was in evidence when he took his colt record. The change in his style of going has come with the increase in his speed capacity; just such a change as might be noted in any trotter that passed from the 2:06 capacity to that of a champion trotter.

To tell of Peter Manning and not mention John Summers, the highly capable man who cares for him, would be to omit something of importance. John is the ideal caretaker in every respect and he finds Peter a willing and cheerful charge because he knows just what to do with him and when and how to do it. The result is that the champion is always as fit as a fiddle. Perhaps John's plan is to treat Peter just as he would any other good horse and let it go at that. At all events Peter and John were ready when time came for the supreme test and what was done is history.

Peter is distinctively a product of Lake County, Ill., and is another bit of evidence of the neighborliness of the people there. Mr. Wright's farm in Lake County lay between Grattan Farm and the John R. Thompson Farm, home of Azoff. From Grattan Farm, Mr. Wright bought Glendora G. and at Thompson Farm he bred her to Azoff, and her colt he sent to Harry Putnam, a resident of Lake County, for development. The result was Peter Manning 2:06½, and Tommy Murphy did the rest.

Arion Guy (4) 1:59½—T. W. Murphy

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory.
—Lord Byron.

ARION GUY

Champion Four-Year-Old Trotter
Record 1:59½

ARION GUY 1:59½ is the youngest trotter that has ever entered the two-minute list, and that is notable for the other reason that but one pacer of that age has enrolled his name in that small assembly—William, who at four took a record of exactly two minutes. But it can be said for Arion Guy that he was in all probability a two-minute trotter at the age of three years. There is, to be sure, room for argument that he was not capable of any such mile speed before he reached the age of four, and if the argument were held it could not be settled, for there is no known means of carrying the four-year-old trotting champion back to the earlier age. But he showed in his race in the Kentucky Futurity that he possessed the necessary speed, and as he had the strength and was, as he now is, absolutely sound, there appears to be ample foundation for the belief that had he been conditioned through the year for one fast mile in the fall he would have trotted that mile in or below two minutes.

Glance at the fractional time of his miles and note the flight of speed he exhibited in every one of them. He trotted the final quarter of the first mile in 29½ seconds, and the mile was trotted in 2:04¾. In the second heat the final quarter was negotiated in thirty seconds, though the mile was a slow one, raced at 2:10 or slower speed, part of the way. The third quarter of the third and last mile was trotted in 29½ seconds and the entire mile in 2:04¾. A trotter to go a mile in two minutes must have better than two-minute speed for part of the way. To put it in other

words, the trotter whose brush limit is a quarter in thirty seconds would hardly be expected to trot a full mile at that rate of speed, as almost any trainer will tell you, if he has had any experience with extreme speed. Inasmuch as Arion Guy was able to show two quarters in his Kentucky Futurity race each better than thirty seconds, the quite natural deduction is that he was not many, if any, removes from a two-minute trotter that day. With the ability to carry his best clip, and grant that it was but 29½ seconds for the quarter, half the way, he would have been required to do no better than 30½ seconds average for the other two quarters to trot the mile in two minutes.

That he could have been brought to that point in mile speed ability there would appear to be no reasonable doubt. But he had been trained with his rich futurity engagements in view and with no idea whatever of any trials for a record; yet with that training he developed wonderful speed, and with his superb condition equalled had he been trained with the other object in view he could hardly have failed to give the two-minute list its first three-year-old member.

Thomas W. Murphy, who trained and raced him as a three-year-old, and who gave him his best record at four years of age, says of him:

"When I bought him as a two-year-old, after having driven him a mile in about 2:23, he was the possessor of extreme speed." Mr. Harold Childs, who broke and developed the colt through his two-year-old form and whose most interesting letter appears farther along in this chapter, testifies that he "had a great amount of natural trotting speed for a short brush." Evidence sufficient to at least incubate the belief, especially when coupled with that which later came about, that Arion Guy could have been made a two-minute trotter a year before he became one.

Be that as it may, the colt was in fine fettle all of 1921 and was successful in his three assaults on time, the last one recording a mile better than two minutes and trotted in such splendid manner, every foot in its proper place, every footfall in true rhythm, that those who witnessed the performance were unanimous in declaring that a much lower record

in 1922 would easily be secured by the son of Guy Axworthy.

In the course of a recent interview which Tommy Murphy accorded for use in this volume, he said:

"Arion Guy has about the sweetest disposition of any horse I have ever had in my charge. There he stands, as quiet as an old gelding, more quiet in fact than some of them, and that way he stands for hours at a time, every day. He has no bad habits of any kind or degree. He is no more trouble than the barn cats. Every visitor to his stall is welcome. He seems never to have learned to nip at his caretaker, but he does show real affection for him and, the matter of that, he may have a real liking for all people—some horses are of that disposition. Up to this time (it was the middle of February, 1922—Ed.) he has not known what it is to be on the ailing list. The boys tell me that he never has missed a feed, and I know he has never had to be excused from whatever training stunt was set for any particular day. But that I mean he has never had his training interfered with by sickness or lameness or anything else.

"He is a perfect glutton for hay and he is not denied it at all. He gets what he wants of it when he wants it, and he always is ready for it and would be sure to let us know if we had not given him enough. But the boys know his capacity and while it is great they try to make the 'portions' come up to his requirements. His daily supply of oats is about nine quarts in the racing season, and that amount seems to have suited him pretty well.

"I do not know that any of the routine of his training would be of interest except that there was nothing peculiar or out of the way about it. He was trained just about as all good horses are trained and he was keyed up at the proper time, and then he did what we expected him to do. He did not miss any work either as a three-year-old or a four-year-old, and when I began to drop him toward fast miles nothing happened to prevent me from carrying out whatever program or plan I had in mind. He trained like the good horse he is and gave me absolutely nothing to worry about. I knew before we shipped to North Randall in 1921 that he had his

speed, and knowing that I knew he was in condition to carry it. Of course I finished his preparation as we went along, for he had no races and was to make his first start at the second North Randall meeting in August. That was to be a mile against time and he was worked according to what he would be asked to do. His best mile before the first public start was around 2:05, but he was given his head on occasions for quarters in 29 and 29¼ seconds.

"He wore throughout the season five ounce bar shoes in front and four ounce swedge shoes behind. He requires no toe weights and in his record mile he wore no boots in front and those behind were light shin with speedy-cut attachment."

As Mr. Murphy has stated that Arion Guy had no bad habits at any time, it might be said here that there is but one thing about him that has made him at all difficult to train or race, and that is that he is what one writer has termed "ticklish," and there is no better word to describe it. He was, and to an extent still is, somewhat sensitive to the gnats and bugs that hit him about the muzzle. He simply did not like that sort of visitors, as they appeared to sting him a great deal more than they do most horses. It follows that dirt that hits him in the same place is, to him, nothing to ask for more of. This ticklishness is also shown when dirt or clods strike his stomach. Fortunately, owing to the care of those who developed and trained him, he did not become at all erratic, if that is the word which correctly expresses the idea. Perhaps it would be better to say that it has not made him unreliable. It appears to be not at all mental, but is merely the sensitiveness of the particular parts named. It is the opinion of those who should know about such things that kindly care has brought this trotter up to the point where he is not at all hampered by the failure of nature to endow him with a tough muzzle and stomach hide. There is nothing else that troubles him. Life is easy for him because of his perfect disposition, splendid appetite and ability to do the great things required of him.

It would be doing the wrong thing to omit from this chapter the observation of Markey on the Arion Guy way

of doing things. That accomplished writer printed this about him:

"He is the quickest-moving horse that I ever saw in harness, trotter or pacer. No other trotter, in my opinion, has such remarkable use of its legs and none can so quickly move from a 2:05 into a two-minute clip. His gait seems suddenly to change when he opens up in high speed and one constantly wonders just how much faster he could step should Tommy feed him more gas. He is apt to rush at any time, especially if the runner comes up to him suddenly, and on the occasion of his 1:59½ mile this was the case shortly after the three-eighths pole was passed. He hit a terrific clip instantaneously and the horsemen with whom I was standing remarked that he was flying. We have had a number of horses whose stroke was just as rapid, but none who could handle themselves after the acrobatic fashion of Arion Guy. As a general thing rapid striders among the smaller horses do not stride far, but for his inches Arion Guy certainly discounts that rule. He does not go at it with the rhythmical precision of that beautifully gaited stallion Etawah 2:03, but there is more flash to his gait. He has a way of using his body muscles that reminds me of Minor Heir. The muscles along their backs appeared to creep and crawl as if they were boring themselves through the air."

Entering his fifth year Arion Guy does not appear to have gained in heighth and looks as if his growth upward at least has ceased though that is merely an opinion and has no value nor would it make any difference if it had. He is an inch and a quarter over 15 hands so that he is not a small horse. It has been remarked of him that, unlike Lee Axworthy, he is not a "big little" horse. He is not of the same general make-up despite their very close relationship. (One was a son of Guy Axworthy with a Bingen dam, the other is a son of Guy Axworthy with a dam by a son of Bingen.) But Arion Guy, like Lee Axworthy, looks the part of a fast trotter and is not out of horse proportion anywhere. Maybe that observation is of no particular value as it is made about two horses that have established reputation as speed marvels. There is that about him which prevents any one from at-

tempting to say how he would prefer to have his conformation changed if it could be done.

No photograph so far taken of him, in harness, does him full justice. Tommy Murphy has one the execution of which is most excellent but it is not at all a picture of the horse. It has the same fault that most of the others have in that it makes him look about as big as a bamboo pole around the flanks. And it has the further fault that it makes his neck look like it belonged to some other trotter. So have most of the rest so far exhibited. The one used in this volume is the best that has been found and it fails to show this great young trotter as he really is and as rugged and full made. Tommy Murphy explains the drawn-up "spindly" look shown in the photographs to the fact that they were snapped at a time when the colt was getting ready for a long breath and had almost entirely emptied his lungs as well as contracted his flank muscles. It should be added that the faulty photographs are all of him standing and not of him in motion.

It is doubtful if he will ever be any better-looking than he now is for if so he will be more than a picture, for that he is. There might have been a time when he would have been considered too handsome to amount to much. But that no longer obtains as an opinion among horsemen. We have had too many good-looking, too many handsome fast trotters in recent years. Much has been said about his gait and no more need be added except that if one cares to compare it with Lee Axworthy the chief difference is that Arion Guy does not "wing" with either front foot nor does he go so high. Whether he is "Childs-gaited" or "Murphy-gaited" those who care to do so may decide for themselves. There is one fact that cannot be erased from the records and that is that he is two-minute gaited.

Reference has been made to the speed shown in spots in the race for the Kentucky Futurity which Arion Guy won, hence there is but little to be added. It is however worth while to say that the time made in either of the fast miles, 2:04¾ both the first and the third, was not a measure of the speed of the winner.

No racing engagements were made for the colt for the year 1921. By the conditions he was barred from the $15,000 purse at North Randall. He had passed to the ownership of Mrs. H. K. Devereux and with true "sportsmanship", if the word may be permitted, she did not want the impression to prevail that the race was made for her young trotter. There were no other purses to speak of and the plans made for him in the Spring contemplated a two-minute or better record and nothing more. He was prepared with that in view and was started but three times during the season. His first start was at the second meeting at North Randall and the mile in 2:03 was the trotting record for the season to that date, August 9th. The fractional time of the mile was 31¾, 1:03, 1:33¼, 2:03, showing that the last quarter was trotted in 29¾ seconds and proving that the colt had lost none of his "whizz". The effort was merely to lower his record of 2:04¾.

At Syracuse he was started to beat 2:03, his record, and he trotted the mile in 2:01 which made him the world's champion four-year-old trotter. The fractional time of that mile was, 31, 1:00½, 1:30½, 2:01. The middle half, it will be seen, was trotted in 59½ seconds forecasting a two-minute mile in the near future.

The effort to add another member to the family of two-minute trotters was made at Lexington, Ky., October 6th and was, as had been anticipated, a most successful one. One writer on turf topics who saw the mile trotted, it was an effort to beat 2:01, said: "The task set for the colt looked like an enormous one but he surprised the crowd by trotting to a record of 1:59½, finishing strong and full of trot." The official fractional time shows that he reached the quarter in 30 seconds and that the half was trotted in a minute; the third quarter was covered in 29¾ seconds and the final quarter in the same time, making the time of the last half of the mile 59½ seconds.

There had never before been a four-year-old two-minute trotter and the enthusiasm shown at the conclusion of the mile has probably not been equaled at a harness meeting since the day Lou Dillon trotted the first two-minute mile

in 1903 at Readville. It is not unlikely that the youth of the performer had much to do with the splendid reception he received as the official time was announced for there must have been many present who were looking for the arrival of the two-minute three-year-old trotter and who felt that, a four-year-old having trotted in time better than two minutes, their hopes would, ere long, become a reality. At all events the performer leaped to great popularity and predictions were freely made that he was more than likely to become the champion trotter.

On that score his trainer has expressed a conservative belief which will be found in the chapter telling about Peter Manning. He expects that great trotter to get to 1:56, maybe shade it, though he makes no boast to that effect being content with the belief that the horse is equal to it. That he believes Arion Guy capable of lowering the record for trotting stallions goes without the saying.

And regarding that it may be well to again quote from Markey who records his ideas in this manner: "I heard hundreds of initiated horsemen say that they believed Arion Guy would eventually secure a faster record than would Peter Manning. It wasn't that they failed to appreciate the tremendous achievement of the world's champion, but that the colt, through his more dashing style, had swept them away. Personally I believe that Peter Manning will next season (1922) trot right at or even shade 1:56, but, highly as I regard Arion Guy's capabilities, I have not been able to make myself believe that he will ever trot quite that fast. That he will dethrone Lee Axworthy as the trotting king I have slight doubt."

No story of Arion Guy would be at all near complete if it omitted mention of the very capable young man who has charge of him. He is George Yax, who has earned a high reputation as a caretaker. He goes about his work after the manner of one who has learned it thoroughly, not only, but who takes a delight in it. Naturally he is proud of his champion but in addition to that he has a genuine affection for him, just as the horse appears to have for him. They have much the same disposition and George handles him much as

if he were just a good-natured, well-doing horse that had not yet got his picture "on the front page". And that is why George is a good caretaker and it is also one reason why Arion Guy has always progressed. The combination has been a happy and a successful one. May it continue until all the possible honors have been acquired.

Arion Guy is the product of modern breeding, intelligent breaking and developing, skillful training and driving and capable caretaking and is justly entitled to be a champion.

Mr. Harold Childs, of Lexington, Ky., who developed Arion Guy tells the story of the early lessons of the four-year-old champion in the following highly interesting way:

"Arion Guy was placed with me early in 1919 by Mr. Al D. Hughes, then Superintendent of Mr. C. B. Shaffer's Cold Stream Farm, he having purchased him from Mr. Shaffer and wanted him broken and developed.

"I found the youngster to be very sensible and with a clever disposition both in and out of the stable. He was no trouble to break but had great nerve force and was full of 'pep' and there is no doubt that rough usage or harsh treatment of any kind would have ruined him. As he was but two and entirely undeveloped as to speed I brought him along slowly but soon found that he was beautifully gaited and had a great amount of natural trotting speed for a short brush and so I worked him well within himself with the idea of getting him thoroughly seasoned and his muscles and lungs well developed before asking too much of him in the speed line. But I would brush him right 'up on his toes' for a short distance at the end of his work and would do that two or three times a week.

"About the first of July I began working him slow miles and repeat every other day with an occasional brush at the finish and kept gradually dropping him down until fall when I started him at a record meeting and gave him a breeder's record of 2:20¼ which he took with all possible ease, with a brush through the stretch at the finish. I have no doubt but that he could have trotted in 2:12 that day but as that was only the fourth time he had been asked to beat 2:30 it would

probably have done him great harm to 'tear into' him for a mile, so I resisted the temptation to do so.

"About this time, Mr. Shaffer having bought the colt back from Mr. Hughes came to my stable to look him over and said that having sold all the rest of his horse holdings except two or three favorite mares which he had pensioned he would like to sell the colt. During the Trots that fall Mr. Thomas W. Murphy became interested in the youngster and after driving him a half in 1:03¾, last quarter in 31½ seconds against a very strong wind, (this was the first time a stranger had ever pulled a line over him) bought him and shipped him with his other horses to Poughkeepsie.

"Arion Guy wore light half-round bar shoes in front, light swedged shoes behind. The front angle was 48 and the hind angle 53. He wore very light quarter boots in front and shin boots with speedy-cut attachment behind; no scalpers nor toe weights. I understand that the shoeing has never been changed. I used a Bristol bit with a chin strap buckled into the check instead of a check bit.

"He never gave me any trouble about his gait, he was always clean-gaited, went straight and true and never required side poles, side straps or any other gaiting devices. He always was a very easy, nice colt to train and while I had him he never made a speed break."

Harold Childs has been one of our most successful developers of colt trotters and his success with Arion Guy but added to the long list of such successes he has scored. The innate modesty of the man, his total lack of inclination to brag was never more clearly shown than in the letter he has written for use in this volume.

There has never been any question raised as to the gameness of Arion Guy but some adverse comment as to his dam became current shortly after Mr. Murphy purchased him. Perhaps something of the early history of the dam, Margaret Parrish, will be of interest. There never was any question as to her speed nor that she tried as far as she could go, which is always the best evidence of courage. But there was a time in her career when she suffered from the effects of a severe attack of sickness and one of the after effects was a

collection of deep sores in her neck which healed very slowly and she was an occupant of Billy Andrews' hospital for weeks, he then having her in training. She was nursed along carefully and finally raced and lowered the record for four-year-olds to 2:06¼ despite the fact that her trainer and her owner had not the slightest idea that she would ever recover sufficiently from her sickness to be of any account. Eddie Wise, who took care of her during that siege is of the firm opinion that but for the sickness she would have been one of the most sensational race mares of her time. He believes she was as game as most trotters and his belief is based on the fact that when she let down it was always at the finish of a mile and that nothing could make her stop until she had tried for her life. His opinion, arising, as it does, from actual knowledge of the condition of the mare and what she did in her races, ought to be about enough to fix the correct status of Margaret Parrish especially when it is considered in connection with the great colt she produced. He finished his 1:59½ mile at Lexington "one-two-three-four" as Eddie puts it and not with the air "full of legs".

On this same subject Mr. Murphy shows more enthusiasm than he does about most things connected with the horses he trains. He had Margaret Parrish in her sixth year and gave her a careful preparation for a Grand Circuit campaign so he knows something about her ability. He said, when asked about it: "Margaret Parrish was a great trotter. It makes no difference now and it will make no difference to me at any time what may be said about her, she was one of the greatest trotters I ever trained and if I could have been so fortunate as to get her to the races there would not be any one now to talk about her being a quitter. She had entirely overcome the effects of the severe sickness from which she suffered when Billy Andrews had her and she showed me enough to make me believe that there never had been many trotters trained that could show more mile speed. The reason she was not raced is that she bowed a tendon and we could not go on with her. It was a source of great regret to me for more than one reason."

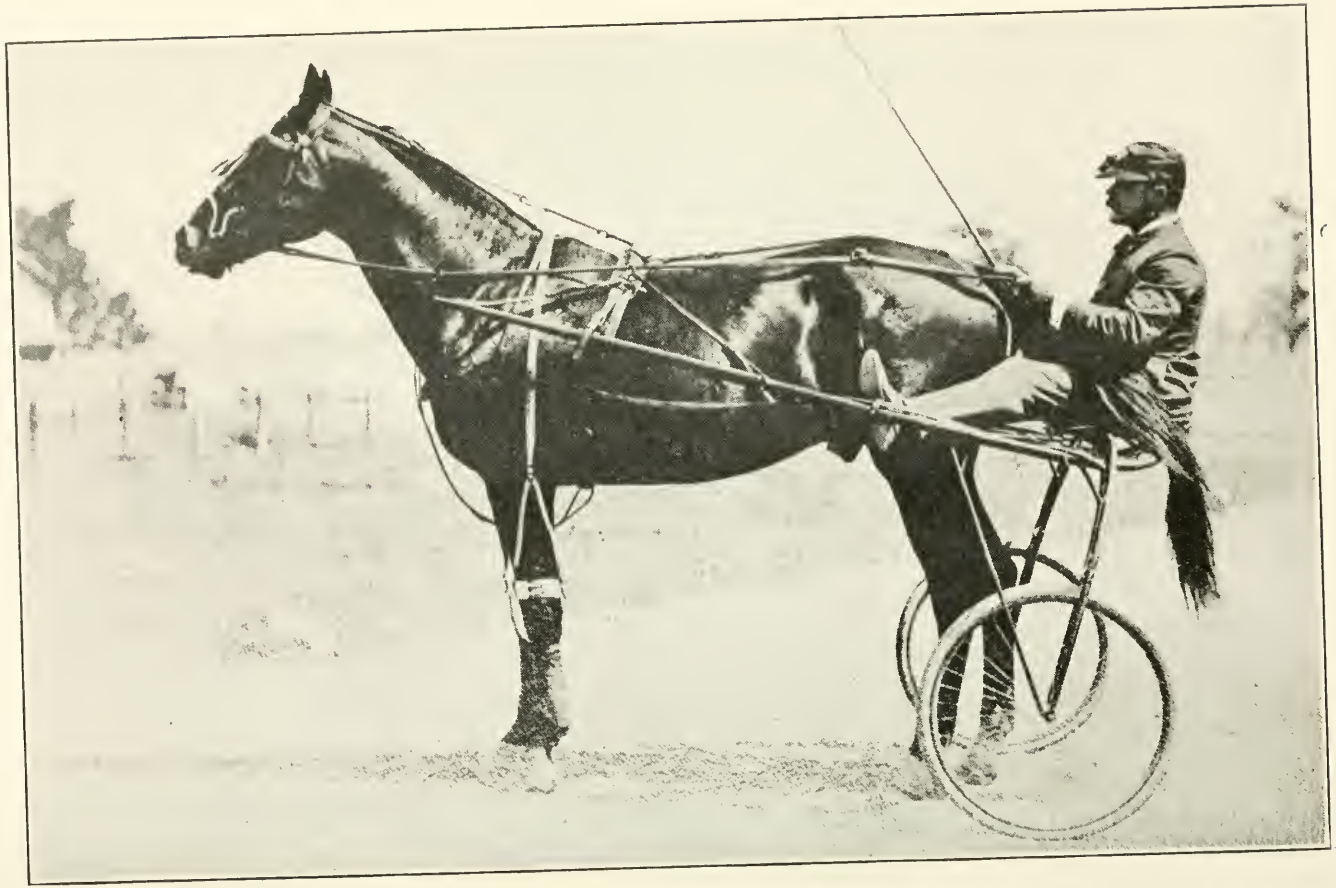
That ought to settle the matter of the qualifications of

Margaret Parrish. The testimony of Mr. Murphy and that of Eddie Wise make a case strong enough to convince the most prejudiced jury.

After the mare broke down she was mated by Tommy with Guy Axworthy, the latter then being in his charge at Poughkeepsie. The credit of breeding the resultant foal, Arion Guy, goes to the Hudson River Stock Farm, and that is Thomas W. Murphy. John E. Madden owned the mare; she was sired by his horse Vice Commodore. She was later sold at public auction and purchased by Mr. C. B. Shaffer and Arion Guy was foaled his property.

THE TWO-MINUTE PACERS

STAR POINTER
DAN PATCH
PRINCE ALERT
AUDUBON BOY
MINOR HEIR
WILLIAM
DIRECTUM I
FRANK BOGASH, Jr.
SINGLE G.
NAPOLEON DIRECT
MISS HARRIS M.
PRINCE LOREE
LOUIE GRATTAN
SANARDO



STAR POINTER 1:59¼—D. J. MCCLARY

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
An' never brought to min';
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
An' days o' lang syne?

—*Robert Burns.*

STAR POINTER

The World's First Two-Minute Performer
Record 1:59¼

STAR POINTER 1:59¼, a bay horse by Brown Hal—Sweepstakes by Snowheels, was the world's first two-minute performer. He took his record at Readville, Mass., August 28th, 1897, driven by Mr. Dave McCleary and the effort was to beat the world's pacing record of 2:00½, held by John R. Gentry.

Mr. McCleary, to whose careful efforts were largely due the coming of the two-minute pacer, had his troubles with the fast son of Brown Hal, for it took almost constant work to keep his feet and legs in shape to stand fast miles. Dave writes under date of January 29, 1922, from New York, where he is engaged in conducting a large garage:

"I am only sorry that there is not something to tell of a method of training Star Pointer that was religiously adhered to or in a measure consistently followed. But as he had some ailments that would not stand the ordinary training that naturally should be given to the type of animal he was and with the amount of speed he had, what he did accomplish tends to show what a wonderful horse he was to continue to go the fast miles he did under those conditions.

"He had no peculiarities that I recall, was just a good, big horse. Nor had he any bad habits when he came to me and he did not acquire any while I had him.

"I consider our great success with Star Pointer was due to the fact that we had one of the greatest caretakers that

ever looked after the welfare of a horse—Jesse H. Smith—who had all the care of him during the time he was in training.

"Regarding his shoeing—he wore seven ounce bar shoes in front and four ounce open shoes behind. He wore a plain snaffle bit and Raymond check. His boots were many—knee and arm, front shin, ankle and quarter and behind ankle and coronet.

"In training him we never allowed him to stand any day without jogging. He was a very gross horse and filled up considerably and our principal motto was 'plenty of miles' without extreme speed, starting, of course, with a lot of slow miles in the spring until reaching 2:40. After that period we worked him twice a week, Tuesday and Friday. The work on Tuesday would be light, consisting usually of two or three slow heats. Friday was his hardest work day and then we would aim to reduce his time from the 2:40 period about three seconds in one or two of the heats. Then, on the following Tuesday he would have another light work and on Friday again he would be reduced three seconds from the previous Friday until we would reach the neighborhood of 2:15 with him. Then for two weeks he would be trained back to 2:22 or 2:25. We would then start him in the same rotation of increase until down to 2:02. He was then ready for fast miles.

"All of this time, weather permitting, he did not miss a day in harness; even after work days his jogging would consist of two or three miles. We endeavored to score but little, as his work did not require scoring and as a rule he either raced against one horse or went against time."

Star Pointer made his first public appearance when he was a five-year-old, at Chicago, August 20th, 1894 and raced with success the seasons of 1895 and 1896. But it is of the racing season of 1897 and 1898 that this story is most concerned for it was in those two years that he set world's records and entered the two-minute list—the pioneer of the twenty whose stories make up this volume.

In 1897 he won the free-for-all events at Chicago, Cleveland and Hartford and was beaten by Joe Patchen at Colum-

bus. At Fort Erie he was started to beat 2:02½ and paced the mile in 2:01¾. At Mystic Park he started against, and defeated Joe Patchen, in the first two-minute class ever put on a program, but over that slow track the time was far away from two-minutes, Pointer winning in 2:03¾, 2:04¼. That same year he lost a race to Joe Patchen at Milwaukee. He set a number of track records, among which were the following: Terre Haute, 2:00½; Ottumwa, Ia., 2:01¼; St. Joseph, Mo., 2:02; Omaha, Neb., 2:02¼. He started in several match races against Joe Patchen, the pair making an extended tour of the west, and won most of them. Their most sensational race took place at the Iliinois State Fair and came very near to being the most disappointing contest ever staged by fast pacers. In the first heat Star Pointer made an all-day break and Joe Patchen won in 2:14. In the second heat Joe Patchen "obliged" and his break slowed the mile to 2:06—it was made at the head of the home stretch to which point the pair had gone at a two-minute clip. The immense crowd groaned and jeered and hissed. But the third heat made history and slaughtered records. Both horses paced straight and true the entire mile. It was an evenly rated one, the pair passing the three-quarter pole in 1:30 and almost head and head, with Star Pointer at a slight advantage which he maintained to the wire and the mile was done in 2:00½, Joe Patchen but a quarter of a second away. This mile set a bundle of records. It was the fastest heat ever paced, by a horse of any sex; it was the fastest third heat ever paced and it presaged the two-minute race heat. And yet it stood as the world's race record for pacers for nearly a dozen years.

Star Pointer's crowning achievement of the year, was, of course, his mile in 1:59¼, at Readville. A contemporary account of the performance is somewhat unique and is as follows:

"The big 1200 pound horse seemed stiff and sore, as he jogged down the track. The first score, accompanied by a running mate, was not satisfactory and starter Walker called them back. The next trial was worse for just at the wire Pointer went into a break while not stepping a 2:20 gait.

Bad scoring did not presage a fast mile. The crowd became a trifle apathetic. But on the third time down, after having scored nearly to the quarter in both the other attempts, reinsman Dave McClary nodded for the word.

"The first quarter was an anxious one. A repetition of the break was looked for but McClary was driving as usual with a more snug hold of the pacer. As the watches snapped the quarter a sigh of relief went up. With his big, easy stride the stallion had stepped the first two furlongs in just thirty seconds, a two-minute clip. Big Jim Murphy, the owner of the horse, in a box in the grand stand took courage and when Knap McCarthy, behind the runner, shouted to McClary that the quarter was in 30½ seconds the latter asked the stallion to increase his clip. He wanted to get to the half in a minute and was ready to take chances coming home.

"A mighty cheer went up from the grand stand as a half-thousand watches caught the half in 59¾ seconds. The three-quarters in 1:29 caused another cheer and starter Frank Walker asked for silence. Around the turn the pacer stepped a little to the outside but the waver was but for the fraction of a second and once into the stretch the horse moved perfectly.

"The driver says that at the distance Pointer appeared to be at his limit but when he called on him and the runner came along the horse appeared to forget he had been beating the two-minute mark and responded with a burst right at the wire. It was not so rapid as to cause a sensation but it was sufficient to make the last quarter in 30¼ seconds and the horse seemed to be within himself.

"The two-minute mark was beaten by three-quarters of a second. McClary was hoisted on the shoulders of his friends and taken from the sulky to the stand. The crowded grand stand went wild and horse, driver and owner received an ovation. Scores of watches caught the time as announced by the judges and Mr. C. W. Marks, of Chicago, who saw the greatest rival to Joe Patchen widen the gap between the two, declared that if anything, the mile was paced in 1:59."

PRINCE ALERT 1:59½—MART DEMAREST

With strides like the stroke of a frictionless piston
And breath like the breath of the steam just beneath.
—John Trotwood Moore.

PRINCE ALERT

CHAMPION RACING PACER, 1901 (2:00¾)
RECORD 1:59½

PRINCE ALERT 1:59½ (rejected record 1:57) was perhaps more renowned as a race horse than as an exhibition animal. He was a public figure in the United States for ten years and in that time started in 81 races, paced 279 heats and won 143 of them. He started in ten or more exhibition miles and while he equaled or beat two minutes in some of them, it was as a race-horse that he shone as is evidenced by his record of 2:02 in a race in 1900 and one of 2:00¾ in 1901, this latter being then the world's record for a second heat. He held other world's records, including that for pacing geldings, 2:00¾; that for the fastest three heat race on a half-mile track and he won the then fastest four and five heat races on the small oval.

Mart Demarest trained and raced him in the hey-day of his career and in answer to a request for information concerning this great gelding wrote under date of January 29th, 1922:

"The preparation of Prince Alert for his fast miles was very limited as I raced him wherever I could in purse races. I never drove him, but once, in his training better than 2:04 and that was a mile at Empire City tracks when I was preparing him for his effort against the record of Dan Patch, in which effort he paced in 1:57. I consider his mile at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, the last of October, 1903, his best. He paced in 1:59½.

"I think he was the fastest and gamest horse the country ever saw up to that time. He was a very good feeder

but required lots of slow work and had he been fortunate enough to fall into Walter Cox's hands instead of mine, I think they would still be shooting at his record.

"I rigged him with an open bridle, plain leather bit and shod him with a six ounce bar shoe in front with calk straight across the shoe and small heel calks. Behind he wore three and a half ounce shoes with bar, the latter merely to strengthen the shoe.

"The last two years I had him he could beat any horse that was racing. I know you know how hard I tried to match him against Dan Patch, but McHenry would never let them make the race. The nearest I ever came to getting a crack at Dan Patch was at Memphis, Tenn., where we were both on the program to go the same day. I went with Prince Alert in two minutes flat and McHenry would not start his horse. That night McHenry said to Secretary Murray Howe, in the Gayoso Hotel that he wanted Dan on the card for the next day and I said: 'Put Prince Alert on too. I will go within ten minutes of the time he starts and will go a faster mile than he will go.' Dan Patch went first, the next day, and they hung out 2:00¾ and I never saw McHenry drive harder. Ten minutes afterward I came out with Prince Alert, went the mile and they hung out 2:00¼.

"As these two miles were on consecutive days it was the expressed opinion of Mr. Budd Doble and Mr. Geers that it was a remarkable performance. The had coaxed me not to start the horse the second day as they both said no horse had ever gone two fast miles on two consecutive days."

In 1901 Prince Alert had been such a formidable antagonist for the rest of the fast pacers that the opening of the campaign of 1902 found him with no other opponent than Anaconda who, as events speedily showed was reaching the end of a great career as a pacer. He and Prince Alert engaged in seven special races and the latter was returned the winner in six of them. Prince Alert won at Brighton Beach in 2:03¼, 2:04¼; at Hartford in the same time; at Providence Anaconda beat him in 2:02¾, 2:02. Over the half mile tracks at Bethlehem, Pa., and Trenton, N. J., Prince Alert was the winner and he paced the Bethlehem track in

2:05, 2:05¼ in his victorious effort, rare time those days for a half mile track. He also won at Hagerstown, Md., also a half mile track, and was the winner at Philadelphia. At Memphis in the late fall he defeated Harold H. and Dan R. in 2:02¼, 2:03¼ and also won the memorable match race with Sir Albert S., a half mile dash originally made for $5,000 a side. Prince Alert stepped the half in 57¾ seconds, a sample of the wonderful speed he possessed. At that same meeting he started three times for a record and the first effort was in 2:01¾. The second attempt gave him a new record of 2:00 and made him a member of the select list. The next day he paced a mile in 2:00¼. That was on the 31st of October and ended his activities for the year.

In 1903 most of his work was in exhibition miles, though he did engage in two contests against his old antagonist, Anaconda, then racing under the name of Knox's Gelatine King, the manufacturer of the gelatine having gathered a stable to carry the factory colors. Prince Alert won all the races he started in, losing one heat to Dan R. at Providence in 2:01¾. Then he beat Dan R. at Bethlehem and the next day set the world's record for pacers over a half mile track at 2:03½, lowering the track record of 2:04. At Lexington, in the fall he started to beat 1:59 and paced in 1:59½, a two minute performance but a losing one. He had tried previously at Cincinnati and had done the mile in 2:01¾. At Providence he started to beat his half mile record of 57¾ and took off the fractional time doing the half in exactly 57 seconds.

That same year, on October 15th at Philadelphia he lowered his record to 1:59½ thus having to his credit three different miles in two minutes or better.

Prince Alert was a hoppled pacer, was a giant physically and was a true race horse and while at the time he was before the public the hoppled pacer was by no means as popular as he became later, Prince Alert was one of the popular idols and the multitudes who saw him race made him one of their chosen favorites.

Mart Demarest drove him to his official record of 1:59½ and Jack Curry had to mount when Prince Alert paced a

mile in 1:57 at Empire City track. This was done behind a regularly constructed windshield mounted on a sulky and kept in front of the pacer until the stretch was reached. This record was never allowed by the American Trotting Register Association hence the official record of Prince Alert stands at 1:59½.

This iron-sided gelding raced for ten years and it is worthy of recording that in his tenth year on the turf he paced in two minutes on two different occasions and did a mile on the half mile track at Allentown, Pa., in 2:03½. Thus he has to his credit five different miles in two minutes and better as well as one in 1:57 which, while rejected as a record as already stated was an indication of his marvelous speed.

Prince Alert was a bay gelding by Crown Prince—Till a mare of untraced breeding and was bred by G. W. Fort, Knightstown, Ind.

Dan Patch 1:55¼—Harry Hersey

*In truth he was a noble steed * * *
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs.*

—Lord Byron.

DAN PATCH

World's Champion Since 1903
Record 1:55¼

DAN PATCH 1:55¼ was before the public for ten years and in that time paced many races and two-minute miles making a clean sweep of his Grand Circuit engagements and taking a record of 1:59½ in 1902 in the hands of the late M. E. McHenry. In 1903 he passed from the ownership of the late M. E. Sturgis to that of the late M. W. Savage, of Minneapolis, Minn., and was placed in the hands of Mr. Harry Hersey, then a hard-working trainer who had been quite successful with such material as had up to that time come to hand. Mr. Hersey gave Dan his best record and drove him so many exhibition miles around, at and below two-minutes that he lost the count. In the course of a recent interview given for publication in this volume he talked most entertainingly, as was to be expected, and his contribution cannot fail to furnish most interesting reading. He said:

"When Mr. Savage first spoke to me in regard to purchasing Dan Patch I encouraged him. Though his banker and other friends advised him to keep away from him, he finally made the purchase and the horse proved to be a veritable gold mine for him.

"After he had made the deal I tried to induce him to give the horse to some other trainer as I had had no experience with exhibition horses. He would not listen to me so I decided that if he was game enough to give me the

horse I should be game enough to take him as the owner had everything to lose while there could not be any loss to me.

"For me Dan kept big and strong and took his work very kindly. His fastest mile before leaving the farm for exhibition work would be around 2:04. I do not believe in the seven years I had him he beat 2:04 more than once in his preparatory training. I worked him fast halves, say in 59 seconds to one minute with quarters in 29 seconds but never asked for a mile at top speed until he was going for the money. He showed that this method suited him pretty well. He had an early engagement at Galesburg, Ill., and his best previous mile was in just 2:04 yet he paced at Galesburg in 1:57½, the last half in 57½ seconds. That same year he paced in 1:55.

"In warming up for an exhibition I would work him four heats, sometimes more, none faster than 2:10. He was a horse that observed everything, looked the grand stand over carefully and saw everything on the race track. The instant the runner would enter the track he knew it and would shake his head and play, even if he were a half mile away. He took things decidedly easy until the runner turned with him. I would score him a couple of times and then go. He could follow pace better than any other horse I ever knew. His nose would be within three inches of the back of the driver of the runner the entire mile.

"He was never nervous nor excited or anything different on his exhibition days from what he was on other days. If I were going to attempt to break a record with him I would try to get a fast mile—two minutes or better—two days ahead of the day of the effort; in other words I would try to get a fast mile on Tuesday, say, if he was to go on Thursday and not later than Friday, as he went but the one fast mile in his exhibition. He invariably would give me a great mile under that system. I have always figured that an exhibition horse was a great deal like a thoroughbred in the matter of training. It is a question of speed. But they lose it in a very few hours so I figured that a horse's best effort would be made with one day, perhaps two days, between a fast work mile and a fast exhibition mile where only one mile

is to be done at extreme speed. If, after a fast exhibition mile, I wanted an exceptional mile a week the next workout I would not beat 2:12 with him. We were compelled to go many fast miles with him and load him on the cars within three or four hours afterward. Yet, under those conditions he would come right out and go another great mile. All tracks looked alike to him and I cannot say that he ever went a disappointing mile. He kept his form wonderfully well.

"In training him during the winter months we jogged him five miles a day on the covered track. When spring came I gave him three double headers, in about three minutes, every week, gradually dropping him until I began to repeat him twice each week, dropping him two or three seconds a week until he went in 2:10. I also gave him five or six slow miles on workout days.

"With one exception he had no habits that needed correction. Often in scoring him when I would pull up for some reason or other he would not want to turn to the left. I fooled along with him for a while, letting him have his own way, but got vexed one day and hit him one hard rap, straightened him out and from that day on never had a particle of trouble with him and he would turn anywhere. I had him at Indianapolis once and, jogging around the track slowly we came to the gate on the back side and he started for the barn right out of the gate, something he had never done before and I could not stop him. I did nothing to him but in due time just turned him around and took him back to the track as I was not prepared for such a move from him at that time.

"He was a wonderful feeder at all times and a wonderful doer. I never knew him, except in case of illness to refuse a meal. And he was sick but once—at Topeka, Kas., where he was ailing for a week. Sixty days from the date of that illness he beat the world's record at Memphis. The week after he was sick he was walked by hand for a week, then jogged one mile the first day and increased gradually up to five miles and so on until I was able to work him. In September, about six weeks after that severe spell he gave an exhibition in 2:04 at Springfield, Ill., then was shipped to

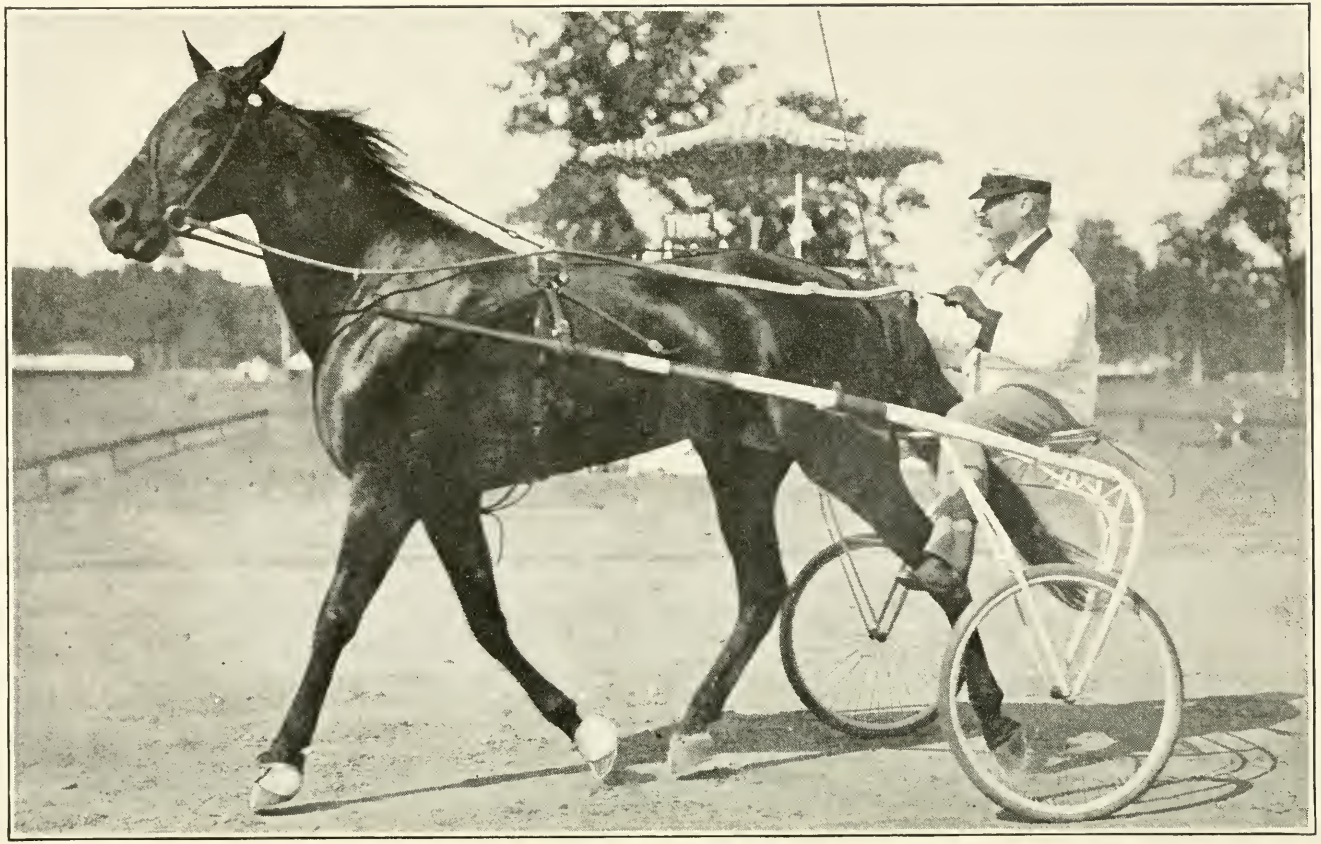
Memphis where he got two week's preparation and lowered the world's record. He was then shipped to the home farm.

"He was infatuated with women. He would give careful attention to every woman who visited him and there were many thousands of them. He was very fond of Shetland ponies, liked to get right close up to every one he ever saw and would pull his groom right toward one and look him over as though he were a freak.

"As to my personal opinion of the speed of Dan Patch I want to say that I do not believe he ever went a mile his best. I still think he was too smart for me. He would give me a great effort, perhaps faster than any other horse went but I still think it was not his dead level best. I laid awake many nights figuring how to get him to go to his limit but the problem was never solved. I tried everything I could think of but was not successful.

"I used a Faber sulky weighing about thirty pounds with 81 inch shafts and very high as he had tremendous hock action. He wore very light quarter boots and very light knee boots but I seldom used the latter except on half-mile tracks and he hardly ever marked them and then very lightly. He wore five ounce shoes all round and all had all-round, sharp grabs. The length of all his toes was 3⅝ inches with 54 angle in front and 56 angle behind. His harness was as light as could be built, with open bridle, chin strap and plain snaffle bit.

"We would start our exhibition tours in August, usually, and wind up on or about the first of November and that was the program for seven years. He paced, in that time, about seventy miles that averaged two-minutes and my best recollection is that I drove him in sixty-two of those miles. After he was once in form a mile in two minutes seemed pretty comfortable for him. He gave exhibitions from Boston to California and kept absolutely sound until about the seventh year and then we began to see a break. He earned in the seven years we had him about $120,000 in exhibitions alone, and that with incidental earnings on International products advertised through Dan Patch, made him a pretty cheap horse for Mr. Savage. All through those seven years Dan



Dan Patch 1:55¼—M. E. McHenry

proved himself to be a horse of wonderful constitution and with a disposition the very best. He never worried or fretted —everything was all right with him.

"Mr. Savage was very anxious to beat the world's record at home, St. Paul. I tried to discourage him as the track at Hamline had never, up to that time, been a record breaking track. But he insisted we would try, so we made all preparations in his bookings and other details to bring him to Hamline to try for his life. The record was 1:55¼, held by him and made the previous year, 1905. The Board of the Trotting Register had barred records made with the runner in front but Mr. Savage thought the public would be pleased with a phenomenal mile following pace. When the day for the trial came it was a perfect one. The track had a three foot grade from the half-mile pole to the stretch so we planned to go the first eighth in fifteen seconds and the next three in fourteen seconds each, which would bring us to the half-mile pole in 57 seconds; we figured the three-foot grade would stop Dan one second if we could make it and we would go the last three-eighths in 14 seconds each. He went every part of the mile exactly as we had figured it and finished well in 1:55 the fastest mile to harness in history. Had it been on a track like Columbus or Lexington it would have been much better. My recollection is that the paid admissions that day to the Minnesota State Fair were 102,000. The big crowd surely went wild for there never had been a world record made over any track before in that part of the country.

"We gave an exhibition at Des Moines one fall at the Iowa State Fair and as we went around the track the crowd was five or six deep. Near the quarter pole the man driving the runner in front asked me if I saw the woman with the green umbrella and I shouted 'yes.' The next trip around the weight of the crowd had broken down the fence and the woman and green umbrella were out on the track. The runner missed her but I brought the green umbrella to the wire in the spokes of the sulky wheel.

"We put on a mile at the half-mile track at Oklahoma City and the fair association offered extra money if we

beat the world's record for the double oval, which was then 2:03¼. I looked the track over and found that the river had flooded it the previous spring and made up my mind we could not beat the record there. Returning to my hotel I saw in the window of an enterprising merchant an alligator grip full and overflowing with one-dollar bills, a huge sign on it stating it would be given to the driver of Dan Patch if he beat 2:03¼. Charley Dean, was driving the runner for me at the time of the mile and we decided to go the first half as near a minute as possible and take chances on the rest of it. We made the first trip round in a minute and half a second but the dust was so thick we could hardly see where we were going. In fact I did not know where Dean was except when I would feel Dan's nose hit him in the back, so I drove absolutely by that sign. Coming to the lower turn on the back side Dean was so blinded by the dust that he did not know when he got to the turn and went clear to the outside before he discovered where he was. But that let us out of the dust. He snatched his runner, straightened him up and got him back to the pole, I did the same with Dan, who went to a break but recovered quickly and we finished the mile; the time was 2:03 and the record was lowered.

"After the performance was over and the horses cared for we started for our hotel. On the way up I said to Dean that it would be a grand idea to look in that enterprising merchant's store and see where the dollar bills and the alligator grip were. We found the window but no grip. Arriving at the hotel we found the grip lying on my bed. I delegated Charlie to open it as I did not feel I could stand the shock of the surprise. He opened it and found the foxy merchant had removed the bills. I still have the grip.

"Perhaps one of the most interesting financial incidents of Dan's career developed at the Indiana State Fair. When we were dickering for the booking we offered to go one mile for $2,500 but the management thought that was too much money to pay one horse to go one mile. So we made them the proposition to take 60 per cent. of all over their average paid Wednesday attendance for the previous three years.

That was accepted and if my memory is not at fault we were paid $7,800 for that mile.

"Mr. Savage was a great believer in Friday and thirteen and if any time he could book Dan for Friday or for the thirteenth of the month he would pass over all other offered days and dates. He told me he had been uniformly successful on those days. One time when Dan was in his prime his owner told me he was mailing 100,000 lithographs of him broadcast in the United States. He named a railroad for him. Dan was known by every little boy wherever he went and people by the thousands visited his stall. There was no place we exhibited him that he did not increase the attendance immensely.

"The day he went his mile at Lexington in 1:55¼ Mr. M. E. Sturgis, now dead and who had sold Dan to Mr. Savage asked me if the horse was for sale. I told him I thought not. He then told me to wire Mr. Savage that he would give him three times what he paid for him. The offer was courteously declined. Dan made money for every owner he had from the breeder on to the end. Mr. Dan Messner, his breeder, sold him to Mr. Sturgis for $20,000; Mr. Sturgis sold him to Mr. Savage for $45,000 and he earned in exhibitions $120,000 for Mr. Savage, to say nothing of the way he increased his owner's business and that increase was phenomenal.

"I cannot close this story without mentioning the way Dan proved his gameness to me in two performances at Allentown, Pa., over the half-mile track there. It was a good course and Dan went his mile to sulky in 2:01 then in forty-five minutes I brought him out to wagon to beat 2:11 and went the mile in 2:05¾. I had never before started him to wagon on a half-mile track and I discovered right away that he hit the outside wheel going round the turns. There was no way to prevent it by changing the hitch so I took him to the middle of the track and put a runner on each side of him and he went the mile that way.

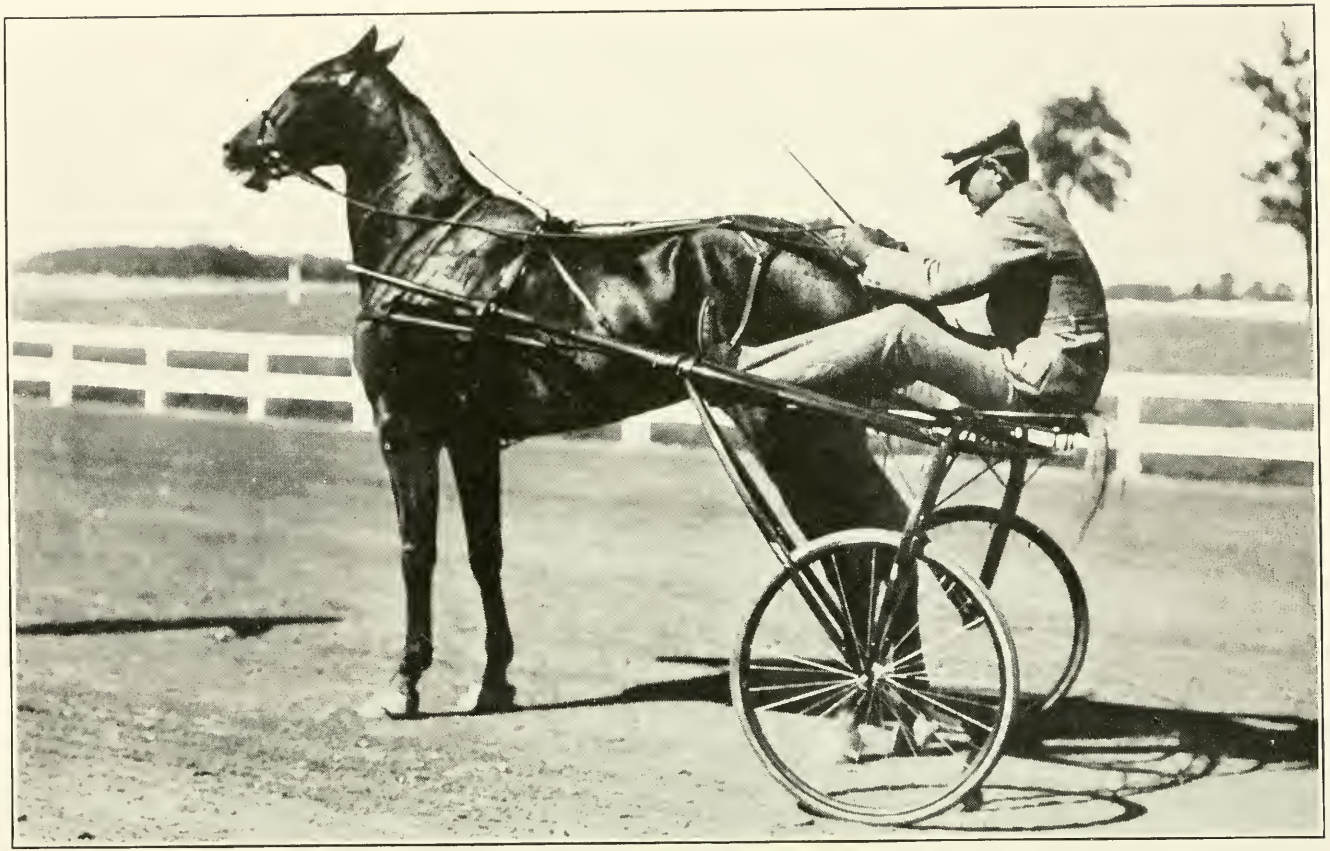
"Great horses must have great care-takers. I doubt if any horse ever rose to real greatness who was not blessed that way. And I want to say that Charles Plummer, who

took care of this great horse for me for so many years, was largely responsible for his many wonderful performances. He was ever on the job, took wonderful care of Dan and is entitled to great credit for his share in the champion's success."

Mr. Hersey has stated that Dan Patch paced about seventy different miles at an average of two minutes while he had charge of him which would make it merely superfluous to enumerate them but it should be stated that aside from the 1:55 mile at Hamline, Harry drove the horse to a reduced record of 1:55¼, his previous record having been 1:56¼, and that he set many track records that still stand and all of them close to or below two minutes. That he held his record-breaking form through all those seven years, or at least through six of them testifies to the remarkable stamina of the horse not only, but to the splendid skill of his trainer as well. It will be recalled that Mr. Hersey says it was not until the seventh year that there were any signs of a break and it must be remembered that was the tenth year of training for Dan.

The late M. E. McHenry gave Dan Patch a record of 1:56¼ and in the course of the year 1903 drove him eleven exhibition miles in 1:56¼ to 2:01¾ on mile tracks; three on half-mile tracks in better than 2:05; gave him a two-mile record of 4:17, a wagon record of 1:57¼ and a half-mile record to wagon of 56 seconds.

Dan Patch died in 1916, his owner, Mr. M. W. Savage, having passed away the previous day. Dan was by Joe Patchen—Zelika by Wilkesberry.



AUDUBON BOY 1:59¼—SCOTT HUDSON

[A good photograph with J. Y. Gatcomb driving not available for this edition]

The race may not be always to the swift
But if the swift have courage they achieve.
—Rowena Sprague.

AUDUBON BOY

Great Racing Pacer of 1901-2
Record 1:59¼

AUDUBON BOY 1:59¼ a chestnut horse by J. J. Audubon—Flaxey by Bourbon Wilkes, was the sensational stake pacer of the sensational year 1901, and was trained and raced for the Gatcomb-Hudson partnership by Mr. Scott Hudson, then of Lexington, Ky., and now one of the leading business men of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Hudson did not give the horse his best record, but did drive him in all his races and in the course of them Audubon Boy took a record of 2:03¼. After the partnership was dissolved in 1902, Mr. Gatcomb retired the pacer to the stud and in 1905 again put him in training with a view to lowering his record and succeeded in his effort, driving him to a record of 1:59¼ at Readville, Mass., September 22nd, 1905.

When the big crowd at Lexington in the fall of 1899 saw a two-year-old chestnut colt win in the even then slow time of 2:24, little note was made of him and it is altogether likely that nobody expected him to be, two years later, one of the most talked-of pacers in the world. He was staked at some western meetings and at many Grand Circuit points, filled all of his engagements, won ten races and found but one horse that could beat him and that was Shadow Chimes, who turned the trick two times, one of the victories over the Hudson-Catcomb pacer being a false verdict. Audubon Boy retired with a record of 2:06 and was, of course, heralded as a coming two-minute pacer.

In 1902 Audubon Boy was started in six races and made a clean sweep of his engagements, taking his record at Read-

ville, Mass., August 23rd, of 2:03¼. No attempt was made that year to give him a faster record and the following year found him retired from the track so that his thousands of admirers who believed him destined for two-minute honors were compelled to wait two years before they were able to say "I told you so."

Mr. J. Y. Gatcomb, who had become sole owner of Audubon boy at the dissolution of the partnership with Mr. Hudson, gave Audubon Boy his opportunity in 1905 and made but three attempts to drive him into the list of two minute pacers. After a mile in 2:00¼ at Syracuse, N. Y., on September 15th, he took the horse to Readville and started him on September 22nd. That trip was a successful one for Audubon Boy paced a nice mile in 1:59¼. That really closed his career as a public performer and he was retired to the stud where, with limited opportunities, in fact one might truthfully say, none at all, he demonstrated that he had the ability to sire trotting speed of a high order. His 1906 efforts are worthy of note for the reason that he paced a mile in two minutes and another in 1:59½, making three miles in two-minutes or better to his credit.

Mr. James Clark, Assistant Secretary of the American Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, and who was for many years a leading shoer on the Grand Circuit, furnishes the only available information concerning the shoeing of Audubon Boy. He wore 5½ ounce swedge bar shoes with full pad in front and 4 ounce outside swedge shoes behind. His front toes were 3¾ inches with a 48 degree angle and his hind toes were 3¼ inches with a 55 degree angle. He wore no extra rigging of any kind, except, possibly at times a shadow roll and never wore hopples.

There never appeared on the Grand Circuit a more courageous race horse and many of his victories were achieved in the face of most formidable odds. His stake race at Providence, in which there were seventeen starters was a case well in point. He won about as he pleased and it did not seem much difference to him whether he got away in good position or bad—the result was the same. He was an airy, showy horse in action and one of his infirmities,

indeed the only one that is recalled, was curbs and they in combination with an extra hard track were the cause of one of the only two defeats in races he ever sustained.

It is safe to say that had he been prepared for the season of 1904 and had anything like an even break in luck, he would have taken a record far below the one with which he finally retired. But he was one of the turf idols of his day and the list of two-minute pacers is graced by his presence.

Mr. R. Scott Hudson, then of Lexington, Ky., now of Atlanta, Ga., said of Audubon Boy: "When I arranged with Mr. E. P. Weathers to train and race this pacer I outlined all my plans for him, namely, to give the colt slow work, and very little fast work during 1900 and turn him out for his 1901 campaign early. He showed me in his work in his three-year-old form that he was, beyond doubt, the grandest horse I had yet handled. He could do things then that would make a man want to buy a new watch and believe some one had changed the quarter poles, and he did it all well within himself. I gave him but few miles better than 2:20 but then I made up my mind to stake him every place along the line in 1901. This I did. He was taken up January 1, 1901, and his road work began and a lot of it he got. When our track opened and the weather settled I began slow miles and gave him them in abundance. June 1st a mile in 2:22½ was his best. But he could do the trick if I would only let him. I gave him plenty more slow heats in June with some few miles in 2:15, one in 2:13¾ and no quarter better than 31½.

"I won with him at Tiffin, best time 2:15¼, laid up a week at Cleveland and not a mile better than 2:18½, yet won with him there in 2:09¾. At Columbus, with no miles better than 2:30 between races, he won in 2:08½. On down the line with no work at all save a little to blow him out the day before a race and still he won. He took the prevailing disease and I raced him just the same.

"At Boston and Providence, when most horses would have been in the barn, he was raced and how he tried and won, no one who was there will soon forget.

"I give myself but little credit for the showing of this wonderful horse. He was a natural born race horse about the only one I have had out of the hundreds I have handled. His speed is marvelous and looks to have no limit. He has never been beaten when half in form. * * * He started in twelve races his 1901 campaign, winning ten first and two seconds and $19,650."

Audubon Boy was kept at North Randall race track for several years until in the early winter of 1921-2 Mr. Al Pennock purchased him and through an arrangement made with Mrs. Jessie W. Nims, owner of Ridge Lawn Farm, Bellevue, Ohio, the one-time Grand Circuit star will spend his last days there, in the midst of peace and plenty.

Audubon Boy was bred in Kentucky by Mr. E. P. Weathers and the Patchen Wilkes Stock Farm, that establishment owning his sire and Mr. Weathers being the owner of his dam, the famous Flaxey.

MINOR HEIR 1:58½—CHARLES E. DEAN

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed
So gentle, yet so free.
—Caroline Newton.

MINOR HEIR

CHAMPION GREEN PACER (1:59½)
RECORD 1:58½

MINOR HEIR had no bad manners to correct, no faulty gait to worry about and I do not claim any credit for his developement—he was born, not made, says Mr. Charles E. Dean, of Palatine, Ill., the highly capable trainer who introduced this handsome son of Heir at Law to the public and drove him to membership in the list of two-minute performers.

For this volume Mr. Dean has written a most entertaining story of the great Illinois-bred pacer and it is herewith presented:

"Minor Heir was bred by Mr. J. B. Ewing, of Roseville, Ill., and was foaled June 1st, 1902. Nothing was done with him until the Spring he was two years old when he was broken to harness by his owner. He was jogged on the road the balance of that season but was given no training. At that time he was mixed-gaited, would trot or pace but showed no marked speed at either gait. He was a stout, hardy colt and the next Spring when he was three, Mr. Ewing used him with another horse on the mail route and during the Summer did some light livery work with him. Mr. Ewing ran a small livery and sale stable at that time.

"That fall Minor Heir was sent to Mr. D. Patten, at Winfield, Ia., one of the leading trainers of that section. Before the season was over he had worked the colt a mile in 2:14½ at the pace and in the fall returned him to his owner who, not thinking very highly of him offered him for sale at a very modest price but did not succeed in selling him. I met Mr.

Ewing in Chicago the following winter and made arrangements with him to train the colt the next season. He said he was anxious to send him up to me to find out whether the youngster was of any account.

"Minor Heir reached my place July 5th, 1907 and I want to say that I was never before so favorably impressed by a horse as I was by this one. I considered him the best horse I ever saw. He was just the right size, fifteen hands and three-quarters of an inch; weighed about 950 pounds and full made all over.

"The day after he arrived I had my first ride behind him and I made up my mind, then and there, that he was a two-minute pacer and that was after he had only gone a mile in three minutes with the last quarter in but forty seconds. I never trained another horse in my life that I had so much confidence in or felt so sure of. He was the easiest horse to train that I have ever had in my stable; he had no bad manners to correct, no faulty gait to worry about and I do not claim any credit for his developement. He was born, not made.

"He wore six ounce plain shoes in front with small jar calks at the heel and the toes were 3¾ inches. Behind he wore four ounce shoes with small heel calks and the toes were 3½ inches. He wore a pair of light quarter and tendon boots in front and coronet boots behind. His harness was plain, with blind bridle, snaffle bit and overcheck bit and no extra rigging of any kind. He carried his head rather low and straight as an arrow. He had a splendid mouth but very sensitive.

"As it was late in the season when he was shipped to me I decided it was not good policy to attempt to race him that year so I took plenty of time for his education. With very moderate training he improved rapidly. Mr. Ewing came to see him about the middle of August and saw him work a mile in 2:25 with the last quarter in 31½ seconds over our half mile track and was well pleased with him. But he was anxious to sell him and I was just as anxious for him to keep him and assured him I was confident he would pace a mile in two-minutes or better the following year and, as

he had bred him and raised him I desired very much that he reap the benefit. He was not to be convinced, however, as he felt that the horse was getting too valuable for him to own. That fall I sold him for Mr. Ewing to Mr. P. C. Isaacs, of Johnstown, Pa., one of my patrons, and that gentleman owned him until he was sold to Mr. M. W. Savage.

"The next spring after Mr. Isaacs bought him Minor Heir suffered a severe attack of influenza from which he did not fully recover until about the first of April. His sickness left him poor and weak and for a time it looked as though we could not possibly get him to the races that year. His recovery, however, was unexpectedly rapid and by the first of May he was working miles in three minutes. Most of his work consisted of slow repeats with very little brush work. I never jogged him more than three miles a day, winter or summer. On the first of June he stepped his first real mile of the training season, in 2:30 and I did not beat 2:25 with him until June 15th, on which date he paced a mile in 2:15. I did not go another good mile with him until the latter part of June, just before shipping to Peoria, Ill., for the opening of the Great Western Circuit and that mile, still over our half mile track, was in 2:08¾, last half in 1:03 and with perfect ease. This was the only fast mile he got during the entire training season.

"When we left home he had regained all his flesh, was big and strong and ready to race. He was quite fortunate in one respect and that was in having a great caretaker in Robert Bradley ('Old Bob') who came with him when Mr. Ewing shipped him to me from Roseville. 'Old Bob' cared for Minor Heir during the two seasons I had him and to his faithful attention and capable work much of the success of the horse should be credited. He was with him constantly night and day and seemed to never tire of work or watching.

"During the racing season, Minor Heir required very little work between his engagements and was never worked faster than 2:25. What he did during that season is history and I do not think it is necessary for me to go into the details regarding his races. He was a horse with a marvelous flight of speed. While I never 'set him down' to see how fast he

could pace a quarter I got a sample of what he could do one day at Columbus. At the end of a 2:10 mile he paced the quarter in 27½ seconds. With conditions favorable, if he had been asked for a supreme effort I am confident he could have stepped a quarter a full second faster.

"He was a tough, rugged horse, a great feeder and had the sweetest, mildest disposition I ever saw in a stallion.

"Some of the critics attributed the breaks Minor Heir made to cross-firing but in that they were mistaken as he was an exceptionally steady-going pacer and I remember of his making but three or four breaks during the two years I handled him. In his race at Terre Haute he made his first break in the third heat. After he had won the first and second heats in 2:01½, 2:01 so easily I decided to let him step the third heat somewhere near his limit. When he got to the half he seemed to be going very easy but as there was nothing near him he let go of the bit just a little and he did the same thing in the fourth heat and in each instance went to a break. The only way I could figure out the cause of his breaking was that his shoes were worn thin and light. I weighed them the next day and found they weighed but 5¼ ounces. That made it necessary to take a slight hold of him to keep him steady. In the third and fourth heats when there was nothing near him he did not take hold enough to keep him balanced. In the fifth heat he was as steady as a clock. I kept him in behind until the finish; when in that position he was up on the bit all the time and did not act as though he could break. The last break I ever knew him to make was in the Chamber of Commerce race two weeks later. He was going true and steady at the time and when just past the three-quarter pole jumped over a large wet spot in the track. There is no question in my mind but that with a horse right at him all the way he would have paced well below two minutes in his third mile at Terre Haute. I merely mention these facts to correct the false impression some people have that his breaks were caused by cross-firing.

"There is an old saying, 'the world loves a winner' and this was plainly shown in the Terre Haute race. After the

first and second heats the crowd around Minor Heir's stall was so large we could hardly get him in or out of the door. It seemed that every one on the grounds followed him to the stable. After the third and fourth heats he was deserted by every one but 'Old Bob' and his assistant caretaker. I asked the boys what had become of the crowds. They pointed over to The Eel's stable and there they were, battling for a sight of The Eel. After the fifth heat the crowd was back with us and larger than ever.

"It is too bad The Eel could not have lived, for he was certainly a very great horse and one of the gamest and best race horses I ever knew. Had he lived there certainly would have been another two-minute pacer."

As Mr. Dean says, Minor Heir was sold to Mr. Savage by Mr. Isaacs so was raced but a single year by the Palatine trainer. Of Minor Heir, Mr. Harry Hersey, trainer of the horses owned by Mr. Savage, has this to say in a letter written to the publisher of this volume:

"Another purchase of my employer to fill a combination we had in view was Minor Heir and he proved to be one of the greatest little pacers in the land. His manners were the best; he was a good doer, cheerful, everything that a trainer could desire; tried every time his best and could go about as far as anybody's horse.

"One special event I recall was his exhibition at Indianapolis, at the State Fair where he raced with three other horses and won in 1:59, started back with the same horses on Wednesday racing in 2:00¾, started again on Friday and lowered his record to 1:58½, then was put on the cars that night and shipped to the Kentucky State Fair at Louisville where he gave an exhibition on Saturday, a half over the half-mile track in a minute. I call that a very good week's work. He continued on South that fall and paced the Dallas, Texas, mile track in 1:59¼, a mark that will stand there for some time.

"He was a most lovable horse, clever in and out of the stall, a good shipper and if he had had the same opportunities that Dan Patch had—days and tracks picked for him and

not asked to go two or three exhibitions a week, I believe his record would have been materially reduced.

"Charles Dean brought out this great little horse and I am depending on him to give him his just dues."

It is left to Mr. Hersey to decide whether Mr. Dean has fully justified his expectations and it is almost certain that he will say the work was well done, despite the modesty of the man from Palatine who never was easily induced to toot his own horn and even then would not do it very loudly. The evidence of two men who loved him is that Minor Heir was one of the world's greatest pacers and that evidence is also by the records. This pacer is, so far, the only one that has started the season as a green horse and ended it with a time record of 1:59½ and a race record of 2:00½.

There are others who testify to the impressive manner and lovable disposition of this champion. One of them is the noted turf writer "Volunteer," who wrote of him some three years ago, when Minor Heir and The Eel, the two great rivals of the 1907 season had become but memories, and feelingly said:

"If I had to select one among them all" (the great pacers of that period) "to remember forever it would be him" (Minor Heir). "I do not propose to string together all my reasons for holding this opinion. But I will mention one or two. For instance, he is the only pacer in history that began the season without a record of any sort and ended it in the two-minute list. He was the first horse to do a mile in two-minutes flat, in actual contest and the first to beat two-minutes in one. He was an exquisite individual and one of the most lovable horses I ever came in contact with. * * * Few people have ever known or realized how superlatively great a horse was this son of Heir-at-Law and Kitty Clover. * * * He was a horse that you could not become familiar with and not love for he was as sweet-tempered as a mare, without trick or fault and apparently unaware of his greatness."

Frank Bogash, Jr., 1:59¼—T. W. Murphy

Never the battle raged hottest, but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest was he.
—Edward E. Bowen.

FRANK BOGASH, JR.

Champion Pacing Gelding
Record 1:59¼

FRANK BOGASH, Jr., 1:59¼, holds the world's record for a pacing gelding and has the further distinction of being the fastest pacer yet bred in Canada and one of the only two that the country has yet produced. It might be added that he is one of three two-minute pacers that carried the hobbles as part of his racing equipment and he is also the fastest of that trio, the others being Prince Alert 1:59½ and Louie Gratton 2:00, the latter also Canadian bred and the fastest mare that Dominion has produced.

The best record of this brown gelding is, to an extent, an index to his ability. But that is all for he was a real warrior on the race track and his prowess is proved by his winnings in 1913, when he had to his credit the always goodly sum of $23,325. One writer on turf topics gives this as his opinion of the Canadian gelding: "When one considers the number of his starts and the amount of money he won in his 1913 campaign and then weighs the quality of the opposition he encountered, the conviction is necessarily arrived at that no more meritorious campaign was ever accomplished."

Tommy Murphy, who campaigned this good gelding on the Grand Circuit in 1913 and 1914, said of him recently: "I would like nothing better than to have Frank Bogash, Jr., back again with the same record he had when I got him. He would not only be a factor in his races but there would have to be a whole lot better material in sight than there is

now if he failed to repeat. He was a great little race-horse and the speed he had when I raced him would get just as much money now as it got him then and maybe more. He was never an exhibition horse. His business was to get the money out of purses and stakes and the records show that he won his share and some in addition."

The Canadian champion made his first public appearance during the racing season of 1912, when he was a seven-year-old and in its course he started in thirteen races and, while the number was unlucky for his opponents it was anything else for him as he won every start and the total of his winnings reached to a comfortable sum, $4,000, and more, which it must be conceded was quite imposing for a half-mile track campaign.

It naturally followed that a campaign of that kind would attract the attention of those looking for Grand Circuit material and there were many who secured the price and opened negotiations. Thomas W. Murphy was the one whose offer was accepted and the racing season of 1913 found the brown gelding's name in all the Grand Circuit stake books. He met formidable opposition from the opening meeting at North Randall and in his first three races was beaten by Del Rey and in his next two Leata J. defeated him. Nothing daunted, for there never lived a gamer pacer, he kept right on trying. His first victory on the Grand Circuit was scored in the Chamber of Commerce purse at Detroit, and he took with it a record of 2:03¼. That race opened the eyes of the circuit followers to the fact that a new pacing star had made his appearance and that from that time on he would most likely be the commanding figure among the fast pacers of the year. And he was all that and there was no question about it, for he won nine out of the ten starts he made after the Detroit race and the California mare, Leata J., who had beaten him twice earlier in the season, was the only one to score an additional victory over him.

That year he reduced his record to 2:01¾ in the free-for-all pace at Lexington and that ended his campaign for the year. It was in this trip through the Grand Circuit that his winnings passed the $23,000 mark.

Evidently the strenuous campaign he had made during the year 1913 had no appreciable ill effect on the Canadian for he was never better than in 1914, and in the course of the season, racing in the free-for-all division all the time he won eight races out of his total of ten starts and lowered his record to 1:59¼ in the second heat of his race at Detroit, making him the world's champion pacing gelding, an honor which has not yet been wrested from him. It took a pacer of the calibre of Directum I to defeat him, and Flower Direct, then in her prime, turned the trick once. But the pair only succeeded in administering two defeats.

All through the year he retained his good form and added to his reputation though his winnings did not begin to compare with those of the previous year, the purses offered by more important tracks for free-for-all pacers not amounting to any great sum. Yet Frank Bogash, Jr., was returned the winner of nearly $9,000, which brought his total for the two Grand Circuit campaigns to more than $32,000. Few pacers have ever done better and it was with deep regret that the regulars on the Grand Circuit received the announcement that one of their greatest favorites had handed in his resignation and would go to the "minors." He made but one start in select society in 1915 and that was at the Montreal Grand Circuit meeting, where he won the free-for-all. That indeed was his only race of the year and he next appeared among the free-for-all pacers on the half-mile tracks.

That Mr. Murphy is right in his estimate of Frank Bogash, Jr., is evidenced by the fact that the gelding in the four seasons he was raced before being sent back to the minor tracks, he started in forty races, of which he won thirty-two, was second in seven and third in the other. It will thus be seen that Frank Bogash, Jr., as already stated, was out for business during his entire career and was never keyed up for any sort of assault on the records. His world record is a race record. While there is never any great amount of enthusiasm over the hobbled pacer, it can be said for this gelding that he had a great following, admirers who never looked at his hobbles, but did take keen delight in seeing him lead the field home in a series of heats in which the time

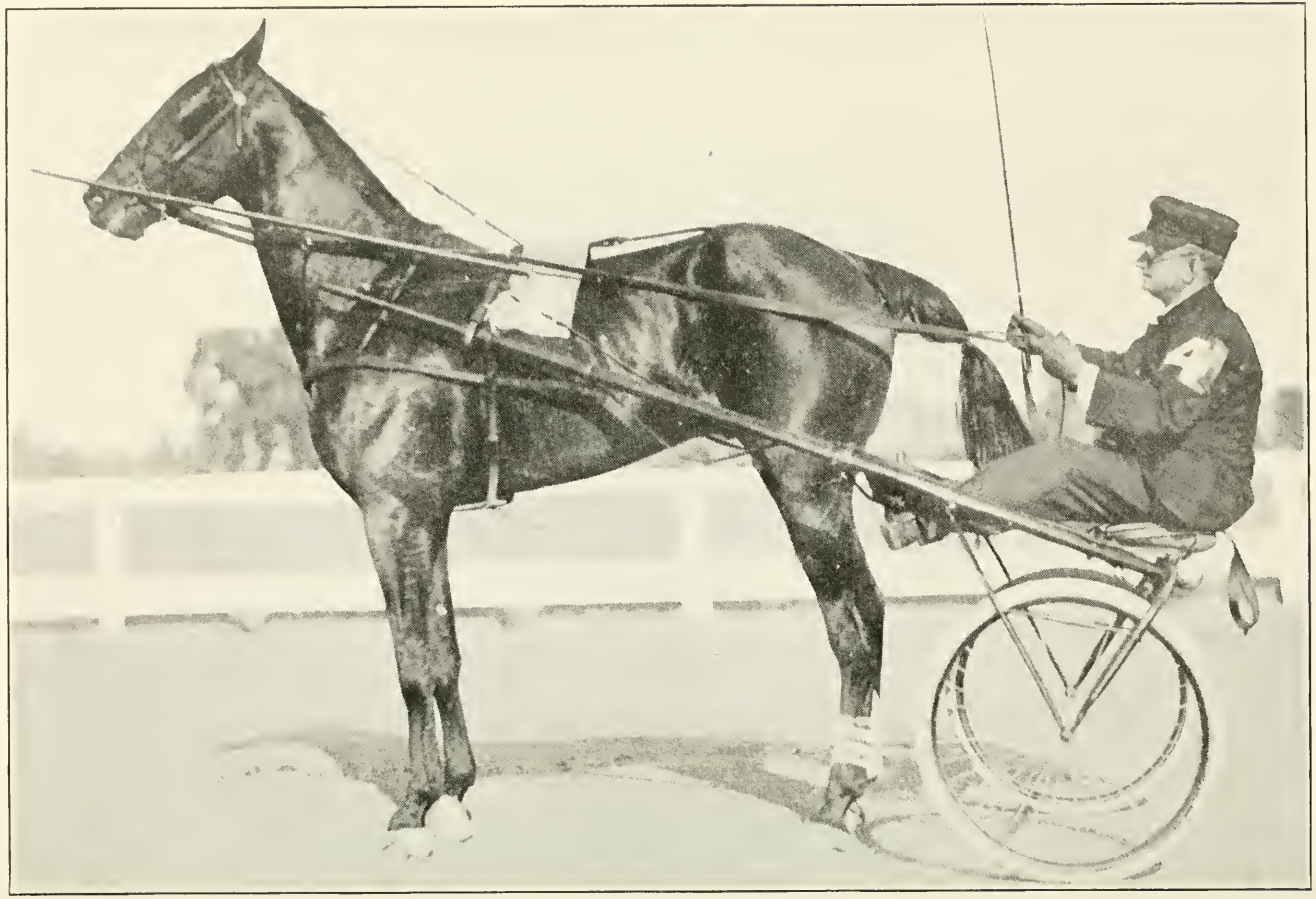
was exceptionally fast and would not be considered anything else even in these days of extreme speed.

He was one of the nicest horse to have about that ever was raced, is the testimony of those who had the care of him. The boys call him a "good doer" and that is about as highly complimentary as anything they can say about any horse. If he is a good doer and feeder the rest is comparatively easy.

His training was just about the same, we are told, as would be given any other sound horse, to fit him for a long campaign where the time was certain to be fast. His oddities, if any he had, have been forgotten but there is no record of any such.

He wore most of the rigging that goes with the hobbled pacer and that, of course, included knee boots, without which, one turf writer avers, there would be no successful pacers in hobbles. Be that as it may, Frank Bogash, Jr., carved his name on the wall in the hall of pacing fame and for that reason his hobbles and his frailties, if, indeed, he had any, may be forgotten.

This pacer was bred by E. C. Warner, Sand Hill, Quebec, and was sired by the former Indiana pacer, Frank Bogash 2:03¾ and his dam was Phyllis Stanford by Stanford.



William 1:58½—W. W. Marvin

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast.
—Sir Walter Scott.

WILLIAM

Champion Four-Year-Old Pacer (2:00)
Record 1:58½

WILLIAM 1:58½, was the king of racing pacers in 1915, and W. W. Marvin, of Lafayette, Ind., who trained him and drove him in all his races, says in a letter written for this volume under date of February 1st, 1922: "I do not know the limit of his speed on August 16, 1915, the day he took his record at North Randall in the race against Directum I., but I do know that no horse in the world had a chance to beat William that year." There is no room for even the slightest doubt that in the event spoken of, Mr. Marvin could have driven his great pacer at least one second faster in each mile and there was almost universal regret that he did not at least beat two minutes in the second heat, for after he had Directum I soundly beaten he was allowed to take it easy the rest of the way. The miles were paced in 1:58½, 2:00. It is possible that it was understood that no matter which horse was the best in any of their races the winner was not to make the loser look cheap. It is somewhat odd, to be sure, that any one should say, after a horse had gone two race miles in two minutes or better, that he could have done better in both. But that is precisely what everybody thought who saw the race. Mr. Marvin was not known to express his opinion about it.

The letter Mr. Marvin sends for use in this publication, an extract from which is given above, is a most interesting and entertaining document and is as follows:

"William came to my stable in September of the year 1912, when he was two years old and did not leave it until he was sold to Mr. C. K. G. Billings in late August, 1915.

"He had not been with us very long until I discovered that he was a colt quite different from all the others ever trained by me. He had a will of his own and was very determined in carrying out what he undertook to do. And yet he was kind, liked children, cats and our old dog, and would spend much time with them if given a chance. But he would not stand punishment nor rough treatment of any kind.

"I spent seven years on horseback on the prairie and during that time rode many horses, but when William took a notion he could put to flight any broncho I ever saw; could jump farther and higher and show you that he had a way of his own.

"After trying to drive him to do things he did not want to do he most always won and I said 'we will train your way awhile and see if we will be better friends.'

"The road running past our track at Lafayette runs east and west. If William wanted to go east he went east and if he wanted to go west he went west. He did not like to go over the same road often and he has been over every road and by-road near his home. I also discovered that there were very few men about the barn he cared for. But there was a young man by the name of Frank Mackessy who said to me one day: 'I like this colt.' I found him much around the colt and one day, after watching them I said to Frank: 'He seems to like you. I believe he will be a great horse some day if we manage him the proper way. You take him.' So Frank cared for William and I trained him. For three years no one else was ever up behind him except Mr. W. J. Andrews whom I asked to train him a mile for me one day at North Randall so that I might see him while he was going fast. Mr. Andrews said he would be pleased to drive the mile and asked how fast he should go. I told him a mile in 2:07 or near it would do. They went the mile in 2:05 and as Mr. Andrews gave me back the lines he remarked: 'He slips away from you. I had no idea he was going that fast. He is the best hitched, most perfectly balanced horse I ever drove.' From that casual remark I felt that I was getting some place with William.

"One thing about him was that as a two-year-old and a three-year-old he had speed for three-quarters of a mile and then would go rough, yet would not slow up. He could go a quarter as a three-year-old in 29 seconds. I first tried him light as most pacers go that way and then he would trot and mix. He went best in his three-year-old form with 14 ounce shoes and 4 ounce toe weights and won his first race shod that way, pacing one of his miles in 2:11¼ over a half mile track which was at Terre Haute, in July.

"After that I began taking the weight off a little at a time every week until I had his front shoes 8 ounces and his hind shoes 4½ ounces, all with bars, placing his toes at 3¾ inches in front with 50 angle and 3½ inches behind with 55 angle. I continued to train him much as other horses. He did not have many fast miles. In 1914 he began to leave off his rough way of going and before starting in a race that year he could go a mile and a quarter without getting rough-gaited.

"I have been asked many times what I gave William that made him go so fast and so far. The only answer is that William never had any drugs inside or outside. We did not use any bandages on him. He never was shipped in bandages or cotton by me or my men and we had him three years and when he was turned over to Mr. Billings after his return from the Montreal race he was as sound as any horse that ever lived.

"The day William paced in two-minutes in his race at the Grand Rapids Grand Circuit meeting, Mr. Walter Cox asked me if that was a hard job. I forget just what I said to him in reply but in substance it was that I could truthfully say I had worked much harder to get a horse to go a mile in three minutes and then did not succeed.

"History can tell you better than I can what William was as a race horse from July, 1913 to September, 1915."

Adding to what Mr. Marvin says about the shoeing of William it might here be noted that Arthur Thomas, writing for The Chicago Horseman stated that he wore only quarter boots in front and coronet and shin-and-ankle boots behind, remarking: "The latter somewhat unusual on pacers." He

also was surprised at the bar shoes behind, but Prince Alert wore that kind and Mart Demarest says the object was to strengthen them.

William's first two-minute mile was the first one in time so fast to be done in a regular race though Minor Heir had paced in 1:59 when he was a member of the exhibition stable of M. W. Savage. Treating the William mile as a world's race record the statisticians gave him four world's marks as the result of his Grand Rapids Grand Circuit race which he paced in 2:00½, 2:00, 2:02½. Those marks were: Fastest mile in a regular race; fastest second heat; fastest mile by a four-year-old; fastest three-heat race. At the beginning of 1922 his record for a four-year-old still stands as well as his record of 1:58½ for a five-year-old. As these were both race records they in reality give William four world's records.

The fractional time of William's record mile, 1:58½ and of the two-minute mile in the second heat of the same race is: 30¼, 1:00¼, 1:30, 1:58½ and 31, 1:01, 1:30¾, 2:00. That is evidence of the fact that on that particular day he was master of the pacing division and serves to bear out the belief of Mr. Marvin that no living pacer could have beaten him that year had he gone on racing. The time of the two miles was within a half-second of the world's two-heat record set by Directum I the previous year at Columbus and William was the horse that forced him to do it. In the race in which he made his record William also lowered the world's record for five-year-olds.

Mr. Marvin has referred us to the history of the American turf for the great achievements of William. Let us glance at that history and see something of what he did.

As a three-year-old he took part in six races and won all of them. In doing so he secured the world's record of 2:05 for three-year-old pacers and the record of 2:09 for three-year-old pacers over a half-mile track. As one writer on turf topics said: "Although the good colt's campaign was confined to a very small section of the United States the harness horse world was aware that a star of the first magnitude was arising in the Central West."

The Indiana pacer did not invade the Grand Circuit in 1914, as a four-year-old unheralded and unsung. He was shipped to North Randall for the finishing touches to his preparation and no track in the world has a greater array of morning spectators when the period for fast miles arrives. And so William not only gave a multitude a line on his speed but made all of them his admirers, no one of them more pronounced than "Billy" Andrews and it may be well to state here that when Mr. Marvin asked him to drive the colt a mile Mr. Andrews was more than delighted for a few moments before he had said to an intimate friend: "How I would love to ride one mile behind that pacer. He looks to me like a world beater." The latter part of the remark was no guess. Billy Andrews was a man who knew horse quality when he saw it. And what he said, by way of encouragement to Mr. Marvin when he dismounted was just a little added to the mass of evidence that he was the possessor of the right sort or heart. Mr. Marvin testifies that it did him a lot of good.

Returning to the 1914 campaign. William made his first start of the year and his first in select society at North Randall in the 2:05 class and won it as he pleased in 2:02, 2:02¾. He won his next start, the following week at Detroit and then came his sensational race at Grand Rapids, which has already been mentioned and in which he paced the first two-minute race mile on a Grand Circuit track. As he had no stake engagements that race meant either trials against time or match races. He was soon matched against Directum I, a horse that in the hands of Raymond Snedeker had paced in even time on two occasions after William had turned the trick. The race was made for Comstock Park track at Grand Rapids and William won it in 2:01¾, 2:01¼, 2:02½. This was the first pacing race ever put on in which both starters had records of two minutes. Directum I defeated him a week later at Columbus in 1:58, 2:00 and also defeated him in a poor contest at Grand Rapids about the middle of October, neither horse being what he had been because, with no engagements in sight, neither had been kept on edge. Directum I won in 2:04¼, 2:01¼. That ended

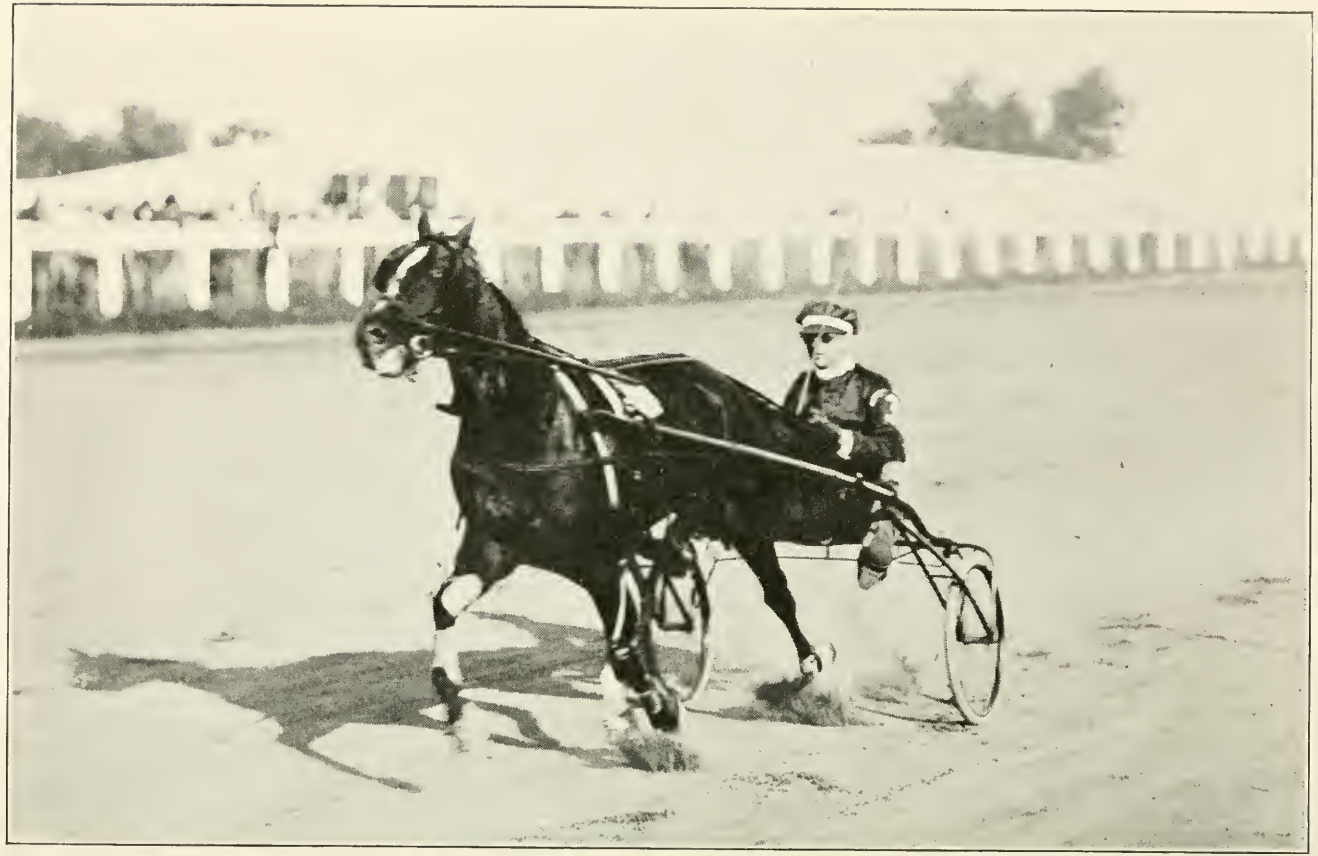
the efforts of both for the year. William had started at a few tracks during the season against the watch but his best mile was in two minutes. He seemed to be a race horse and nothing else.

The year 1915 saw William at the top of his form and it is of that year that Mr. Marvin speaks so confidently in his letter. He began the season in the race for free-for-all pacers at the Detroit Grand Circuit meeting, purse $5,000, and after Directum I had won the first heat William won the next two, and the race, in 2:02 and 2:04. The time was slow because of the fact that the contending drivers were sparring for advantage but the tremendous speed of William and his superb condition made him master of the situation when time came for the inevitable brush. The last appearance of William that year with a professional driver was at Montreal where he again defeated Directum I in 2:04, 2:00½. His record race at North Randall has already been told in detail.

As a member of the Billings stable William set a world's record when his owner drove him a mile to wagon in 1:59½, the fastest mile ever driven by an amateur. He paced to wagon in 1:59¾ for Mr. Billings at Lexington that fall.

"Billy" Marvin should not be considered as having been "made" by William. In other words, he had quite a reputation as a capable trainer long before he brought out the great son of Abe J. And the best evidence of his ability is shown in the fact that when he was so fortunate as to get one of the truly great he proceeded to handle, condition and develop him properly and the result of his intelligent endeavor was one of the greatest pacers yet brought before the public. It may be true, as many writers insist, that "great horses make great drivers" but it is equally true that it takes a great trainer to make a great horse. William was a great horse and W. W. Marvin "made" him.

William is a bay horse, foaled 1910, sired by Abe J. 2:10 pacing (son of San Meto 2:13¼) dam Lizzie C. by Jaywood. He was bred by Mr. A. E. Vanatta, Otterbein, Ind., and was owned by him during his racing career.



DIRECTUM I 1:56¾—T. W. MURPHY

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed.
—Thos. Buchanan Read.

DIRECTUM I

Champion Racing Pacer
Record 1:58, Race; 1:56¾ Against Time

DIRECTUM I, 1:56¾, "in the open", which means with no front pace, wind-shield so-called, is acclaimed world's champion by his admirers and they number countless thousands. One of them has recorded his opinions in this manner: "If I were pinned down to it and called upon to declare my choice of the one greatest pacer of all time, based on public performances I would certainly have to select Directum I. This opinion is based upon careful analytical survey of everything included. His record as an index of his speed, not only, but his entire history as a race horse, including individuality, gait, manners, gameness, stamina, consistency, campaigning quality, ability to negotiate all kinds of tracks and with all kinds of driving. Based upon these qualifications it is stating the simple truth to record the fact that Directum I surpasses all other pacers yet seen."

Which, it will be admitted is exceedingly great praise. But all others of the great army which is made up of the admirers of Directum I say about the same things and refuse to be budged from their belief. So it must be set down as one of the facts of pacing horse history that Directum I must have had all the necessary qualifications else there would not be so much said in praise of him. William defeated him in four of the six races in which they met but the followers of Directum Kelly's noted son, says about those races that "William's career in its entirety, makes a sorry showing in comparison." Let us here set it down that the

champions of both great pacers are correct. They were a mighty pair when in their prime and on two occasions, each being returned once winner, showed the public two marvelous contests, Directum I winning in 1914, in 1:58 and 2:00, William winning the next year in 1:58½ and 2:00. A tick of the watch marks the recorded difference in their racing ability on those two occasions and, furthermore, neither can profit at all by any attempt to detract from the abundant merit of his rival. They did great things and Directum I, let it be recorded, did more of them. May we be allowed to see more of their kind.

John Ryan brought Directum I before the public, and drove him in a lot of sparkling races. Raymond Snedeker had him later and it was he who drove him to his world's race record of 1:58. Tommy Murphy was his next driver and he drove him to four world's records—a half mile in 55¾ seconds; a mile and one sixteenth in 2:09¾; a mile and one eighth in 2:16¾; a mile in the open in 1:56¾. It will not do to say that the pacer was badly driven by any one for the proof of the ability of his pilots is shown in what he did for them. Indeed, in talking about this wonderful pacer Mr. Murphy but recently said to an acquaintance: "Directum I was a great horse for every trainer that had him. John Ryan brought him out and did great things with him; Ray Snedeker had him in world-beating form; the horse did great things for me. Give the horse some of the credit, but do not take any from the boys who had him before he came to me. What he was as a race horse and what he could do when asked to beat the watch fills no inconsiderable space in the history of the pacer."

It is noted in the annals of the turf that Directum I was foaled in 1907 and that he began his racing career as a four-year-old and that John Ryan brought him out and that during his first season he made a total of nine starts winning five races and retiring with a record of 2:16¾. There was not much in that to create any great amount of enthusiasm nor to indicate that a new turf star was about to burst forth. But as little as it meant, there was at least one trainer who knew something. He let the public in on the

secret the next season, that is, the portion of the public which goes to the half-mile tracks, for he started his pacer ten times and the summaries tell us that he was ten times announced the winner and that he reduced his record to 2:08¼, which was no mean performance for a twice-around.

Next year he was raced a few times on the half-mile tracks and at Goshen set the world's race record for the two-lap oval at 2:02¾, and that mark stood until Single G reduced it to 2:01 at Des Moines, Ia., five years later. The Grand Circuit was then invaded and in the course of the tour Directum I proved to be practically unbeatable, scoring victories over the best in his class and reducing his record to 2:02¼. It was a matter of keen regret on the part of his admirers that he fell a victum to sudden sickness at Lexington and was drawn from his race after forcing Frank Bogash to a mark of 2:01¾ in the opening heat.

That campaign indicated that a new pacer was ready to enter the two-minute list and the next year, 1914, he came in, pacing the second and thrid heats at Syracuse, N. Y., in two-minutes flat, breaking the record for a three-heat race, divided heats. Within a few weeks he lowered his record to 1:58¾, at Detroit. and then the public knew the new star had arrived with all four feet.

This performance brought about the match races with William, then a four-year-old, who had paced a race at Grand Rapids in exactly two minutes, shortly before Directum I did the same thing at Syracuse. William won the first of these races, which was staged at Grand Rapids, but the miles were all three short of two minutes. Within a few days the pair met again at Columbus and it was then the world's record for pacing races was set at 1:58, Directum I winning. Another match at Grand Rapids in the late fall gave Directum I another victory and again there was no two-minute mile. Meanwhile. Directum I had won the free-for-all at Lexington, pacing the third heat in 1:59½ and after Grand Rapids he reduced the track record at Kirkwood, Del., from 2:04¾ to 1:59½. The victory over William at Grand Rapids was destined to be the last, for in 1915 he met William three times, and lost on each occasion, but

his speed was such that at North Randall the Indiana pacer was carried so fast, parts of both miles, that they were paced in 1:58½ and 2:00. That year Directum I paced a mile in 1:58½ at Hartford, defeated Peter Stevens in a match at Allentown, Pa., and then, at Syracuse, N. Y., paced his most sensational mile, in the open, in 1:56¾.

His work in 1916 consisted in some record making efforts which resulted in new records at odd distances from a half-mile to a mile and one eighth, and these records have already been given in this chapter.

Few pacers of better gait than Directum I have ever been seen. He wore knee, ankle and quarter boots forward and light scalpers behind, and it follows that they were necessary but he was by no means hard on them, hence it is safe to assume that they were largely used to guard against mishap. His shoes were as light as they could be made.

His "stealing" way of going, especially when racing alongside the high-striding William, gave one the impression of a swallow in easy flight and if there is anything in the idea that the gait of no lost motion is the best, certainly the way Directum I went at speed would seem to bear it out. There has lived no other pacer that could go a piece of the way as fast as he and he seldom turned that he did not show it. And again let us quote from the admirer whose views on another phase of Directum I have already been presented. He says: "Directum was faster than William for a burst." He is writing of the time when both horses appeared to be at their best. And there is no doubt that he is right. There are few men who saw Directum I race who will not testify that for pure speed we have never had his like. His records show that he could sustain it for long flights, too, but not the rate he so frequently showed when called upon, for that would not be expected of any horse, even one so great as Directum I. In other words, for a short distance, he seemed to possess the speed of a quarter horse.

Directum I was bred by Jas. Butler at his East View Stock Farm in New York, and was by Directum Kelly out of Izetta R. by Pactolus. He was owned after 1914 by the late M. E. Sturgis who also, at one time, owned Dan Patch.

Single G 1:59—Ed. Allen

If old age would overlook me
Like the horse that Time forgot.
—Walter Palmer.

SINGLE G

Holds All World's Records For Three-Heat Races
Record 1:59

SINGLE G 1:59, has paced race miles in two-minutes or better for four different drivers—Mr. Curt Gosnell, Mr. Fred Jamison, Mr. E. F. Geers and Mr. Ed. Allen and that cannot be said of any other horse that has enrolled his name among the elect of the pacing division. This Indiana pacer began racing in 1913, and is to be prepared for the 1922 campaign for, despite his twelve years of life and nine years of campaigning he came to the dawn of the New Year looking like a five-year-old.

Howard Vickery gave the colt his first lessons in 1912 and that included breaking. The youngster had quite a temper and willful ways but he came along nicely after he learned what he was required to do and worked in 2:15¼ the first season he was trained. Through the winter of 1912-13, he was jogged and Mr. Vickery trained him and raced him in his three-year-old form giving him a record of 2:12¼. That year he raced with William and Russell Boy and that trio became about as famous as any bunch that learned their first racing lessons together. He won four of his races and was second in the other four. After Single G was broken, his manners were the best and in his eight starts at three he was returned winner often enough to indicate that he would become a pacer of real class. From the time he made his first start as a four-year-old he was always in the public eye because he was always doing something to merit attention and approval and at last he became the idol of Indiana horse lovers.

Mr. Ed. H. Allen had Single G for the first time in 1918, driving him in a race at the Illinois State Fair and then taking him to Des Moines, where at the Iowa State Fair he won the free-for-all pace and took the world's record over a half-mile track of 2:01 as well as the record for a three-heat race over a half-mile track. He then defeated William in a match race and also Russell Boy, the latter at South Bend, where he lowered the state record for a half-mile track. He beat the same pacer again the next week at Danville, Ill., and again lowered a state record for a half-mile track. He was then shipped to Mr. Geers at Lexington, who won and lost with him in the two races he started for.

Mr. Allen wintered him at Indianapolis and raced him in 1919 until he had to go to other hands because of an accident to Mr. Allen which resulted in a broken arm. Up to that time he had won four races out of six starts, the losing races being on half-mile tracks. At Toledo, he won, and paced in 1:59¾, the fastest heat of the year. After the accident to his regular driver the horse was turned over to Harry Stokes who drove him in three races, in one of which he forced Grace Direct to a record of 2:00½. Mr. Dick McMahon drove him in his next race, at the Wisconsin State Fair, where he was second to William. He then went back to Mr. Allen who took him to Allentown, Pa., and beat Adioo Guy, then retired him for the year.

"I jogged him that winter five to six miles every day." Said Mr. Allen, in an interview for this volume. "Up to that time I had never changed his rigging in any way from what it was when I first got him. He wore a Jaynes bit which I took off and in its place put a common snaffle bit which I found made him a lot easier to guide. He wore a six ounce shoe and his front toes were 3¾ inches. I cut them down to 3⅝ and shod him with an open swedge shoe the same weight he had worn. His hind shoes were 8½ ounce swedge. I cut his hind feet to 3⅝ inches, same as his front feet and shod him with 5½ ounce swedge shoes. With the weight and longer toes he would brush his hocks quite a little and, at times, would get very rough gaited and roll and tumble about a lot. After cutting his feet down and changing

his shoes I found he went much truer and straighter. After rigging him this way I took off his hind shin boots and have never used them since.

"He wears quarter boots in front and also races in front bandages. Little coronet boots behind and a neck pole complete his equipment.

"I started going miles with him in the spring of 1919 around 2:45 a little faster each succeeding week until I got to 2:15. The same way the next two springs. I never brush him any fast eighths or quarters, just go the miles all about the same. Then I go a lot of miles around 2:15. I have never worked him a mile faster than 2:04½ before a race and between his races I work him once, going four or five heats, two of them as fast as 2:15. I do not make a practice of working him the day before he is to race, usually just jog him two or three miles.

"His first start in the 1920 campaign was at North Randall, where he won, the best time 2:01¾. The fastest mile he had previous to that race was in 2:06. After that race he had quite a trip. He raced and won at Toledo, was second at Columbus, then was laid up two weeks and invaded the Great West. He won at Davenport, Ia., half-mile track, with Hammie Allen driving and beat Russell Boy in 2:06½. Then he went to Madison, Wis., where 'Billy' Marvin drove him an exhibition mile in 2:04½. At Milwaukee I drove him and won the free-for-all at Hamline, Omaha and Columbus. Louie Grattan beat him in her record-making two-minute race at Lexington and the next week he beat her back in straight heats. At Atlanta he won and paced the fastest three consecutive heats on record—1:59, 2:00, 2:00¾.

"He was shipped to Indianapolis and wintered about the same as usual and again he opened the racing season (1921), his ninth, in Ohio, at Canton. And he came home as frisky as a colt. The campaign was a long one and a strenuous one and no pacer beat him. You can find the story of it easily if you care for it. (It appears in this chapter.—Ed).

"He is what we would call a good doer. He never misses

a meal and his feed is just good oats and hay, and plenty of it, with bran once in a while.

"In all his work and racing for me he has made but one break and that was in 1921, at Columbus, in the second heat just after we got the word and were going into the first turn. Murphy was going to the front with Sanardo and in crossing to the pole his wheel caught the buckle of Single G's quarter boot. He only made about two jumps, lost no more than two or three lengths and won the heat in 2:01¼, which is probably the world's record for a heat with a break in it.

"I suppose there are a lot of people who think that Single G is sour or cross about going back to the score after a false start. But he is not. He just wants to take his time. When he turns with his field he is always ready. He knows as much about trailing and racing from behind as any horse in the world. On the other hand, he has proved that he can race out in front and take pretty good care of himself in that position. When he got his record of 1:59 at Atlanta in 1920, he trailed Sanardo until past the three-quarter pole yet when he got his record of 2:01 over a half-mile track he raced in front all the way."

"His owner's instructions are not to start him until he is ready and give him the best of everything in the way of feed and care. John Phillips, who has had him for the past three years, and still has him, cannot be given too much credit for the splendid form in which Single G has raced for me."

So remarkable were the doings of Single G in Ed. Allen's hands in his eleventh year, 1921, that this story would not be complete without the details. He started sixteen times, eight races on the Grand Circuit, all of which he won; three regular events on half-mile tracks, all of which he won; two match races on half-mile tracks, both of which he won; an effort to lower his record, in which he just equalled it, going in 1:59; a match race with Peter Manning, which he lost; and an exhibition mile at Poughkeepsie. His winnings for the year amounted to more than $20,000, a sum no other horse of his age ever turned in and a sum larger than most of those in the younger division have ever been able to get together in a single season. He paced three different miles in two minutes

or better and many in 2:00¼ to 2:03 and his great form made his work look quite easy. This was his fourth campaign in the hands of Mr. Allen and it is noteworthy that in its course he made his first starts against time on Grand Circuit tracks, pacing the one at North Randall in 1:59 and that at Poughkeepsie in 2:01¾.

Mr. W. B. Barefoot, breeder and owner of Single G says: "In all his nine years of racing he has started in every race in which he was entered if it went and he has never been drawn from a race. The fact that he is as sound as a dollar at the beginning of his twelfth year may be due to his ancestry. His dam was twenty-two years of age when he was foaled and his sire was twenty-six when he was begotten. Single G's dam was destroyed after an accident, at the age of thirty-one.

"While he was willful as a colt he has always been kind if well treated and is easy to get along with, but if mistreated will always take care of himself and fight to the finish.

"He is a very close observer. For example, in the fall of 1916, when he was shipped home to Cambridge City, the house where his trainer had lived had burned and the wreckage was entirely cleared away. It had been just across the street. He stopped, looked over that way and for quite a while refused to go in the barn.

"He seems to have a perfect understanding with me and knows me as far as he can see me. I say 'Hello, Dick' (that is his stable name) and then he puts his head over my shoulder and I give him a chew of fine cut tobacco, of which he is very fond. In the racing season I carry a big bunch of carrots to him every morning and he is fed a lot of them and when race day comes he has an extra portion, as he eats carrots all the time between heats."

Harry Williams, a groom who sees a lot of things worth while as he goes along, says of a recent visit to Cambridge City: "There must have been something about Single G when he was a colt that innoculated the entire population of his home town for they always had confidence that he would become a champion. Every man, woman and child you talk to in that town claims the horse as his or her own. 'Our

horse' they all say. In Big Dick's restaurant the walls are full of pictures of Single G. The one I admire the most was taken in the pasture with his dam and is the only photograph of a suckling colt that looks exactly like he looks at the age of twelve. On the other hand, the indication of his great future may have been in the peculiar mark, a distinct G in his forehead, a mark that I suppose everybody who knows horses already knows about and that from it he was given his name."

"I am told that Mr. Barefoot has made provision for the care and burial of his great horse if the latter should survive him. And that strikes me as showing some of the feeling that makes men better and more worth while. For it means that Single G will never be called on to do hard labor in his old days—that is if ever he grows old."

Going back to the earlier racing career of Single G we find that Howard Vickery trained him again for the 1914 campaign and also raced him with more than ordinary success, for the four-year-old won fifteen races out of sixteen starts and tied the world's record for a pacer his age on a half-mile track. The late Curt Gosnell drove him in one of that year's races and the late Fred Jamison had him the latter part of the season, giving him a record of 2:07¼ on a half-mile track, which was at Saginaw, Mich.

He was wintered by Gosnell at Cambridge City and trained by him for the 1915 season, making his bow to the Grand Circuit and winning many races, among them the Chamber of Commerce Purse, where he took a record of 2:03¼, then his best mark. He retired for the year, one of the most talked-about pacers that had ever been raced, for the public realized that he had done more than most pacers had ever before accomplished and that his half-mile track campaigns were the evidence of genuine merit. It was freely predicted that he was destined to enter the two-minute list but it is doubtful if his most ardent admirers believed he would accomplish as much as he did and last for so many years that were to be marked by campaigns about as strenuous as any horse can possibly make and survive.

He was wintered at Muncie, Ind., by Gosnell, who again

prepared him for the ensuing campaign and who started him first at North Randall, the opening meeting of the Grand Circuit where he set the world's record for a three-heat race by winning all three heats in 2:00¼, 2:00¼, 2:01¼. At Kalamazoo he entered the select list with a heat in two-minutes flat in a race which he won from Napoleon Direct. He had won at Detroit the previous week, pacing a heat in 2:00¼. His Kalamazoo victory was destined to be his last, but one, for the year. That was the season in which Napoleon Direct was at his best and while the Indiana warrior was good, he did not have the lick necessary to beat the great Geers pacer who defeated him in all the eight races which followed Kalamazoo.

At the second North Randall Grand Circuit meeting, Curt Gosnell met with the accident which resulted in his death and his great pacer went into the stable of Walter Cox, the New England reinsman, driving him in all his races the rest of the year. Gosnell drove him in three winning and two losing races and gave him his first two-minute record. Cox was able to force Napoleon Direct to pace many miles close to two-minutes but the fastest heat he won with him was in 2:02½, when he beat Ben Earl at Lexington. In Gosnell's hands he forced Napoleon Direct to a record of 1:59¾, at Columbus. It is doubtful if Single G ever raced more gamely than during the season of 1916. He was trying, nearly every week, against one a trifle superior to him in point of speed, yet that campaign does not appear to have disturbed him at all nor lessened his splendid courage.

He was ready for the fray early in the season of 1917. The previous fall he had been sent to Fred Jamison, who brought him out for the races in splendid form and who raced him all year, the first time since the horse was a three-year-old that the fortunes of war had permitted him to be in the care of one trainer an entire season. This was in no sense due to changing notions of the owner but was because of circumstances over which he had no control. The desperate sickness of Curt Gosnell had caused one change of drivers; his untimely death had caused another and another untimely death, that of Fred Jamison, was to cause still

another, while an accident was destined to bring about several changes so that Single G at last came to have the honor of having given numerous trainers some of the fastest race rides of their lives.

During the season of 1917 Jamison won five races with Single G on the Grand Circuit but did not lower his record nor drive him a mile as good as two minutes. But the season was an entirely satisfactory one, Single G was always in the middle of the fray and nobody had any complaint to make. He met Miss Harris M. that year and she finally became good enough to beat him but in all cases the time was quite fast.

He started the season of 1918 in charge of Jamison and it was at Toledo, with that capable driver in the sulky, that Single G won the sensational pacing race which still stands as the best on record for a contest of divided heats. Miss Harris M. won the first heat in 1:58¼, still the world's record for a pacing mare and for a regular event (not a match) and then Single G won the next two heats in 1:59½, 1:59¾, the first time in pacing history that two-minutes had been beaten in all the heats of a regular race.

And that was the last time Fred Jamison had the pleasure of driving this great pacer for the grim reaper took him from the scenes of life within a very few days and again Single G must make the acquaintance of a new driver. Ed. Allen took him on the western trip which has already been told in detail after Mr. Geers had won a race with him at North Randall's second Grand Circuit meeting and also drove him in two races at Lexington, one of which he won breaking even in the two with Miss Harris M.

Single G was then returned to Mr. Allen and his great deeds in the hands of that highly capable reinsman and courteous gentleman have already been told in this chapter. He threatened to go through the campaign of 1921 unbeaten and his friends can still say that no pacer was able to take his measure. Age will undoubtedly exact his toil from this two-minute race horse, in due time, but if he never again does big things his name will shine among the stars as long as men love the light-harness race horse.

Single G has started in 107 races, has won sixty nine, was second in twenty-five; third in ten; fourth in two and but once outside the money. In other words he has won practically two-thirds of his races.

A Detroit man, looking for a bargain, offered $7,500 for him in 1914 and that was a lot of money for a half-mile track pacer that particular year. The offer was refused and so was every offer that followed it though the price went up to more than $20,000. How much would have been offered by the Detroit fancier if he had been possessed of second sight and known that in the campaign to be made seven years later Single G would win $20,000? In fact that campaign appears to be a most remarkable thing no matter how you look at it. Here is a horse that had raced for eight years and had never really known what it was to have an easy race; had made a wonderful reputation on the half-mile tracks during two years of campaigning then had cast his hat into the "Big Ring", met all comers and triumphed in a majority of his efforts. In his eighth campaign he had reduced his record to 1:59 in a race and few there were who expected to see him equal it the following year or even be up to two-minute racing. Small wonder then that a prominent turf writer printed this in April, 1921:

"Looking younger than ever and showing all of his old-time whizz that wonderful old war horse, Single G 1:59, is being prepared for his ninth campaign. After the bay stallion had gone through five or six of his lengthy campaigns the dopesters began to figure that the son of Anderson Wilkes was about through—at least they thought no horse could go through the hard campaigns that he did and come back strong. No ordinary horse could. But Single G is an extraordinary horse and just like 'licker' he seems to improve with age."

His racing ability, now so well known, was first shown to the followers of the Grand Circuit in the 1915 race for the Chamber of Commerce purse of $5,000. Of it the well-known writer, Frank S. Cooke, said the day after in his story in the Detroit Free Press:

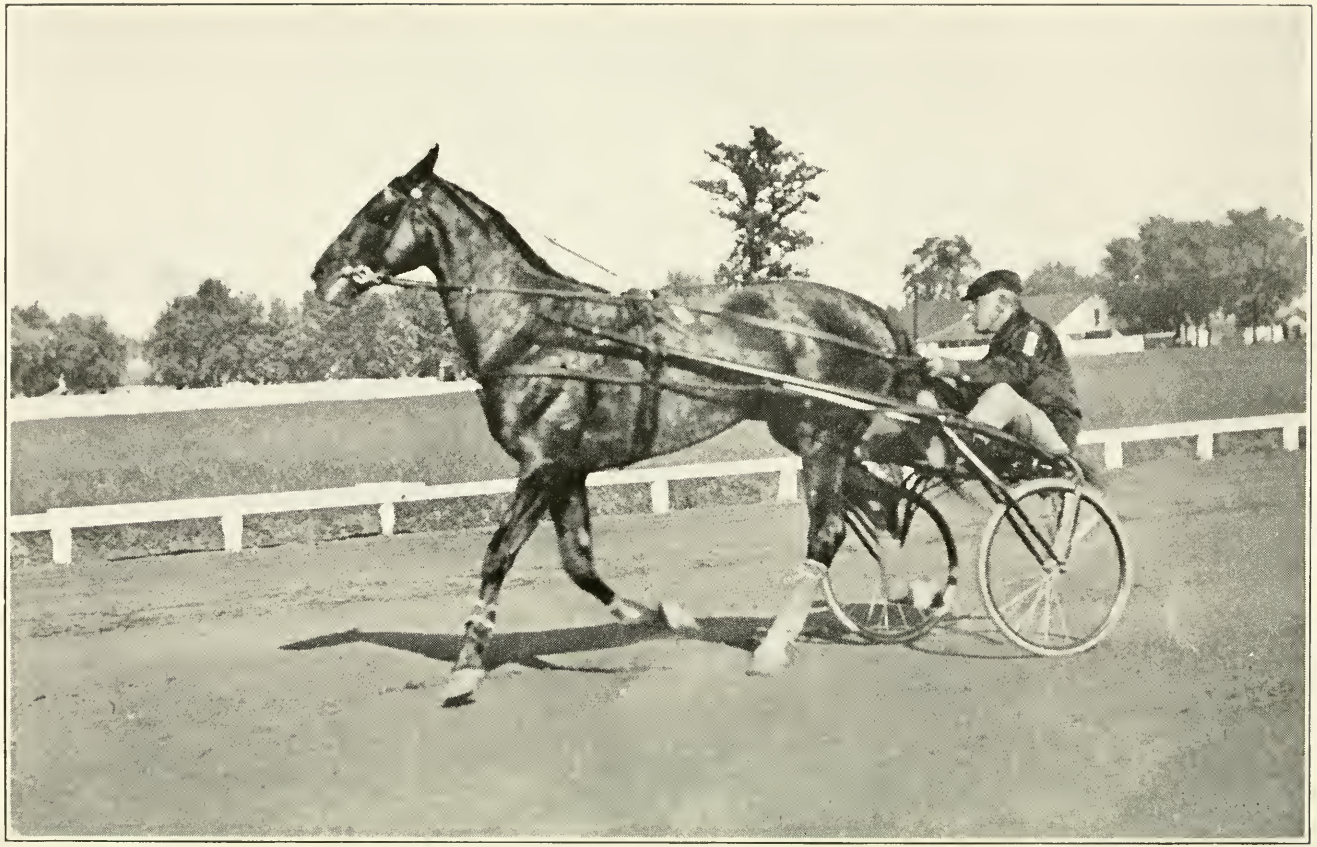
"While victory was comparatively easy this does not

detract from the prowess of the winner. In the first place he picked up the biggest field in the history of the event, fourteen scoring for the word and among the lot were a half dozen that were rated as better than 2:05 pacers in a race. Drawing a poor position in the first heat, Single G was nursed carefully until the time came and then he drew away impressively, his own mile in 2:02, which is faster than the record of this event, although the heat was in 2:03½. Next time he rolled, went bad-gaited in spots, was hard driven at the end and many thought he was through, but in the third heat he won off by himself."

And that was seven years ago. Certainly some sort of elixir of life and youth must be filtered into the lungs of this Indiana wonder from the air he breathes, for the feats he accomplished that day at Detroit have paled into the almost ordinary in the light of his most recent achievements. It is no doubt true that on that day he was very nearly as good as he has been on any day since, though perhaps not quite so fast. But the unbelievable thing about him is that for seven years in a row he could maintain that very form. The year Napoleon Direct defeated him so often, he was the only pacer in training that could do it, and that year "Pop" Geers' pacer was the pacer of the season yet he was compelled to go many, many miles very close to the two-minute mark to stall off the Indiana speed marvel. And yet the very next year Single G came back to the Grand Circuit with all the courage, speed and stamina—and more—that he had always had. How many other horses would have done it?

In 1921 a Toledo turf writer, heralding the appearance of the old warrior at the local Grand Circuit meeting said of him: "At eleven years of age he is meeting and beating his third successive string of free-for-all pacers, having disposed of two generations."

As already stated Mr. W. B. Barefoot bred Single G and the mating was Anderson Wilkes, then 22 years old and Little Gyp, then 26 years old, by Shoo Fly Gyp. Single G has had many drivers but one owner only.



Napoleon Direct 1:59¾—E. F. ("Pop") Geers

The time to succeed is when others
Discouraged, show traces of tire.
The battle is fought in the homestretch
And won—twixt the flag and the wire.
—John Trotwood Moore.

NAPOLEON DIRECT

Grand Circuit Champion Racing Pacer 1916
Record 1:59¾

NAPOLEON DIRECT 1:59¾ gave the Grand Old Man of the trotting world his first ride a mile in two minutes or better. Mr. Geers developed and "made" this great racing pacer, and the fame of his horse rests not upon his dashes against time but his exceptional accomplishments as a racing tool. In fact he was never started save in actual contests—regular events on the Grand Circuit.

He is a Tennessee product, sired by Geers' old pupil, Walter Direct and out of Lady Erectress by Kendall a grandson of Director 2:17.

Mr. Geers first introduced the big horse to Grand Circuit followers in 1914 when he was five years old and the newcomer made good by winning ten of his fourteen starts that year and taking a record of 2:02½. He was retired in 1916 holding the world's record of 2:01½ for a fifth heat and the world's five heat race record.

His best record was taken in 1916 at Columbus, O., and of his preparation for the campaign of that year Mr. Geers writes under date of January 25, 1922:

"Napoleon Direct was handled just about as we would all handle a good horse when starting in with him to get him into condition for what we knew would be a very hard campaign. And that we were sure was ahead of him.

"I gave him a good many slow miles in the spring, going just a little faster each succeeding week. While he was asked to increase his speed as the time for racing approached, still I never drove him any work miles better than 2:04 or

2:05. I always let him finish through the stretch good and strong and a few weeks before his time for starting in a race I would work him the last half of his 2:04 or 2:05 miles in about one minute. Then, with that work he was ready to pace around 2:02 to 2:03 in a race. Then two or three races would put him in order to go a mile better than two minutes.

"Of course, if I had been conditioning him for fast miles, only, or one fast mile I would have brushed him a little more and would have gone miles around 2:02 to 2:03 with the last half better than one minute.

"As to his rigging. When he took his record he wore a plain open bridle with over-check and snaffle bit. He wore a light swedge bar shoe in front and each shoe weighed 5½ ounces. The front toes were 3⅝ inches. He wore about the same behind except with calks and the hind toes were about 3½ inches. He also wore very light shin and coronet boots behind. He wore no boots at all in front the year he took his record of 1:59¾."

As Mr. Geers indicates in his very interesting letter, Napoleon Direct was used as a race horse during his entire career and it is notable that while he was a two-minute horse practically all of the three years he was raced, he was never shaped up for anything but fast race miles. And those he showed the public in profusion. His record of 2:02½, taken in 1914 was not at all a measure of his speed; nor was his record of 2:00¾ taken in 1915. And, for that matter, neither was his record of 1:59¾. His wonderful bursts of extreme speed through the stretch were the talk of the entire Grand Circuit but it was his racing ability that made him one of the most popular pacers that has ever appeared.

His three years on the Grand Circuit were all great years for him but his final year was one that will never be forgotten. He had no easy task, for he had the redoubtable two-minute pacer Single G to show his speed and stamina against and any pacer good enough to beat that kind is worthy a very high place on the roll of honor.

Single G defeated him at Kalamazoo but Mr. Geers, pu-

pil compelled the pride of Indiana to pace the opening mile in two minutes, beat him back the second heat in 2:01¼ but lost the third heat in 2:00¾. And that was the only defeat of the year for the chestnut stallion. He met Single G in eight other contests, all regular class races on the Grand Circuit and was returned the winner in all of them. There were other starters but Single G was always the horse to be beaten and he was nearly as good, most of the time, as ever in his life, though he trained on and won miles in much faster time than those in which Napoleon Direct defeated him. But that may not mean as much as the casual observer thinks for it is doubtedly true that while but one of the Napoleon Direct-Single G miles was in time better than two minutes, both horses were able to do better than that. Racing and going against time are two entirely different propositions.

After Kalamazoo, Napoleon Direct won at Pittsburg in 2:01, 2:03¼, 2:03¼. At Columbus, the summer meeting, he won in 1:59¾, (his record mile) and 2:01½. The fast mile fractional time was 30¼, 1:01¼, 1:30¼, 1:59¾, making the time for the last half 58½ seconds, a fair indication of the tremenduous speed the horse possessed. At North Randall's second meeting he won in 2:01¾, 2:04¾, 2:00½. At Poughkeepsie his miles were paced in 2:02½, 2:00¾. At Hartford 2:04¼, 2:05¾, 2:05¾, over a heavy track. At Syracuse 2:00¼, 2:04½. At Columbus, fall meeting, 2:06½, 2:00¼ in the first race and 2:01¾, 2:01½ in the second.

Napoleon Direct was bred by Clark E. Jones, of Columbia, Tenn., and when retired from racing was taken back to the place of his nativity.

While Napoleon Direct is the only performer that has gone in two minutes or better for Mr. Geers, he is by no means the only sensational performer that great reinsman has developed. In fact it is doubtful if Napoleon was at all necessary to the career of the "Silent Man from Tennessee," though he was the greatest pacer "Pop" ever developed.

Inasmuch as Mr. Geers celebrated his seventy-first birthday in January, 1922, it follows that he has been before the

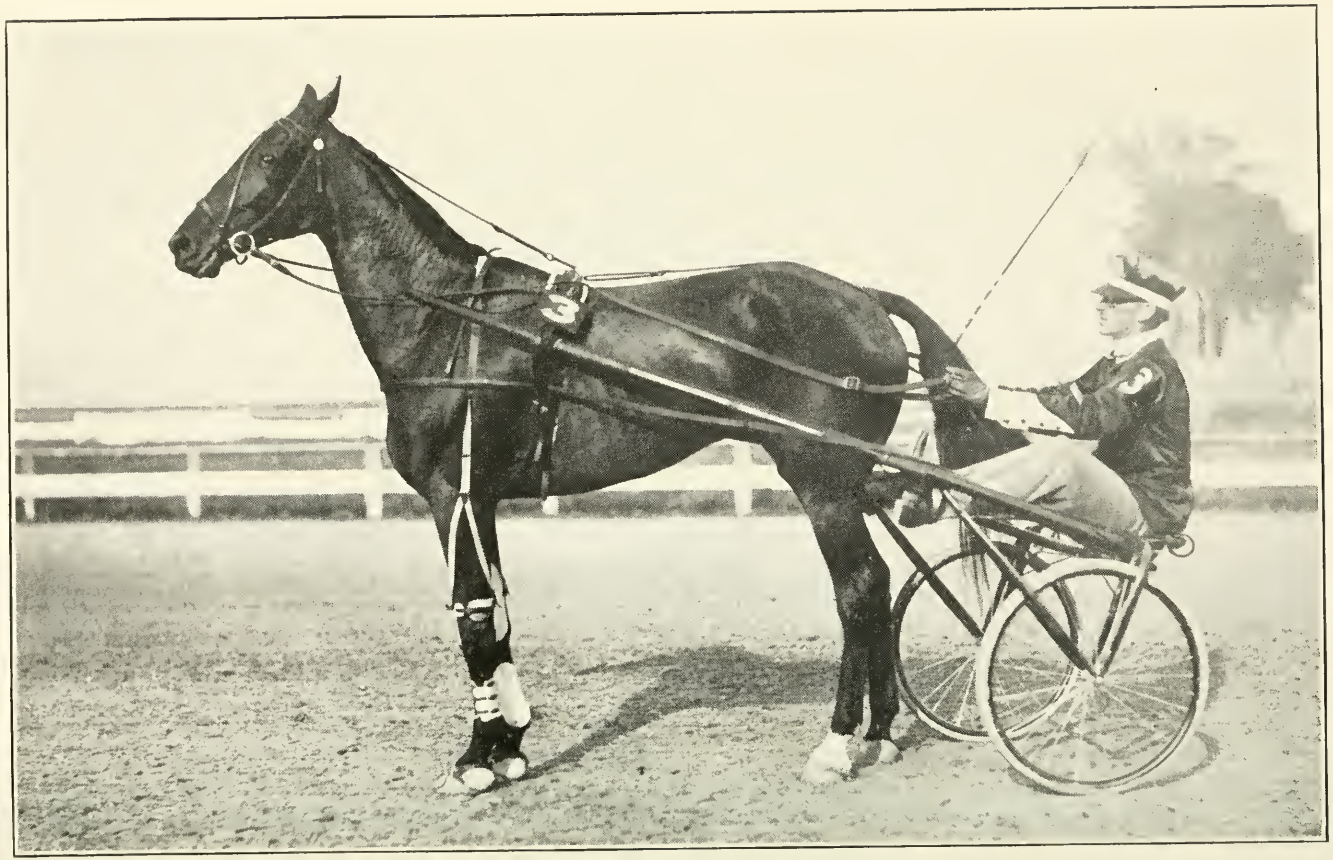
public in his chosen profession for a great many years and as he has always had some good horses, sometimes the best of their years, many famous names are to be found on the roster of the Geers stable. In the hustle and bustle of the passing years there is apt to come a time when the great ones are momentarily forgotten. Yet it is doubtful if many ever think of Mr. Geers without recalling the great achievements of Hal Pointer, the first really great pacer he campaigned through the Grand Circuit, one of the most wonderful horses known to pacing annals.

It cannot be possible that any one has forgotten Robert J. and that Mr. Geers drove him to a world's record—2:01½—as long ago as 1895. More recently he made The Abbot the world's champion trotter with a record of 2:03¼.

His list of 2:10 or better trotters was quite a formidable one when that rate of speed was considered something out of the ordinary. None of the Old Guard will ever forget the wonderful campaigns of the famous Hamlin's Nightingale 2:08 and it is probable that this work with her brought Mr. Geers more real fame than his recent accomplishment with the far more speedy St. Frisco 2:01¾, who holds the world's race record for a trotting stallion.

Year after year for so many years that it taxes the memory he has been a commanding figure among Grand Circuit trainers. Every so often he has come along with the winner of the Chamber of Commerce purse at Detroit, as long as that rich and much-coveted event was annually renewed. He won it with the sire of Napoleon Direct and, speaking of the Directs no one will ever forget the great campaign of Direct Hal, another Geers pupil who became one of the popular idols. Mr. Geers also drove Single G. to a race record of 1:59½.

His wonderful record seems destined to stand unsurpassed perhaps not equaled. In one respect it is certain that his career will stand alone and that is in the unbounded love and respect that have come to be his portion from the many thousands in every section who admire the trotter and pacer and the men who make them. There has been but one Geers identified with the great sport of harness racing.



Miss Harris M 1:58¼—T. W. Murphy

She may be well compared unto the Phoenix kind
Whose like was never seen nor heard that any man can find.
—John Heywood.

MISS HARRIS M.

World's Champion Pacing Mare
Record 1:58¼

MISS HARRIS M. 1:58¼, the world's champion pacing mare, and the first of her sex to enter the two-minute pacing list was bought at public auction by Tommy Murphy when her record was two minutes and the purchase was made with one object in view and that was to give the mare a race record as far below the two-minute mark as possible which would carry with it, for him, another world's record and he thought that sort of mark would look pretty well along with the others he had. He had just sold Roan Hal 2:00¾ for a long price so he became a bidder on the mare and secured her for $4,500.

That was during the winter of 1917-18 and the season of 1918 the mare did what Mr. Murphy expected of her when he made the purchase. In addition she raced pretty well for him and the race in which she made her best record is still in the statistics of the harness turf as the fastest three heat race in which the heats were split. It was the memorable contest at Toledo, July 23rd, which quite fittingly was the first on the program for the first day of the first Grand Circuit meeting ever held in the metropolis of northwestern Ohio. And, while Miss Harris M. was unable to win the race, she was the winner of the first heat and it still stands as the fastest heat ever paced in a regular event and it is further important from the fact that but one race mile faster has ever been put on the records, that of 1:58 by Directum I. in his match with William at Columbus in 1914. Furthermore the mare forced the winner of the race to beat two minutes in each of the next two heats so that the event is the only one of three heats in which the two-minute mark was beaten in every heat.

That year Miss Harris M. started in ten races of which she won six and paced six heats in better than 2:03 but in most of her starts there was always a heat around two minutes. The fractional time of her record mile affords an interesting study in race speed. In actual contest there is a difference in the rating as compared with flights against time for in the race what the other drivers are doing cuts no small figure. In the first heat of the Toledo race the first quarter was paced in thirty seconds; the second quarter in twenty-nine seconds; the third quarter in 30 seconds and the final quarter in twenty-nine and a quarter seconds. Thus, it will be seen, the mile was what might correctly be termed evenly rated. In the second mile there was a different style of racing. The first quarter was paced in 31¼ seconds while the second one was covered in 29¾ seconds and the third at exactly the two-minute rate. From there on the clip increased until the wire was reached and the official time of the last quarter was 28½ seconds. The slow first quarter was just enough to account for the 1¼ seconds difference in the time of the two heats. Again in the third heat the first quarter, but 31½, a 2:06 gait slowed up the mile but left room for a great exhibition of racing speed, for the second quarter was in 29½ seconds and the third in 29 seconds yet the horses paced the last quarter in 29¾ seconds. Two different miles better than two minutes with very slow first quarters shows what great pacers Miss Harris M. and Single G. were that day.

During the year 1918 Miss Harris M. met Single G six times and defeated him twice—at North Randall and at Lexington and it was largely because of her strenuous efforts that the time in most of the races against the Indiana warrior were so fast. Mention has already been made of the Toledo world-record race. At Kalamazoo she forced the G horse to pace the last two heats in 2:00½ and 2:01. At North Randall's second meeting she forced him to pace in 2:01 and 2:02. She paced a second heat over the slow track at Poughkeepsie in 2:00¾. Day and track right, she was a two-minute pacer every time she scored for the word that eventful year and but for Single G she would have been

Miss Harris M 1:58¼—Alonzo McDonald

the leader of the free-for-all division. That is no faint praise for it is no disgrace to play second fiddle to any pacer as good as Single G was in 1918 or has been in any of his years, for the matter of that.

Miss Harris M. passed to the ownership of Mr. Paul Kuhn, of Terre Haute, Ind., at the close of the 1918 racing season and was started in a few races in 1919 by Mr. Will Fleming who raced her against Single G twice and broke even with him. He won at Toledo but she forced him to pace the second heat in 1:59¾. She turned the tables on him at Columbus and paced the final heat, the third, in 2:00¾. Thus it will be seen that in all four of her racing years this daughter of Peter the Great was a two-minute pacer.

As she is the world's champion pacing mare it follows that she holds more than one record. Those to her credit are: Fastest mare 1:58¼; fastest four-year-old filly, 2:01¼; fastest five-year-old mare, 1:58¼; fastest heat by a mare, 1:58¼; fastest three-heat race by a mare, 2:01¼, 2:01¾, 2:04½. That is sufficient to give her the stamp of greatness and to fix her place among the many great stars of "pacerdom". It seems rather remarkable that the stallions continue to be the greatest pacers. They hold about all of the more valued records and even the geldings, many of which are good race horses, fail to race on to the low records. And there are but two pacing mares with records of two-minutes or better, the other being the Canadian-bred Louie Grattan whose record is exactly two minutes. Of the fourteen pacers in the two-minute list but four are geldings and the best record held by any one of them is the 1:59¼ of Frank Bogash.

In the light of those facts the achievements of Miss Harris M. stand out in bold relief and stamp her a pacer far above the ordinary. She was bred by Mr. A. T. Harris, Versailles, Ky. and is by Peter the Great and out of Mary Allen Stout by Ondale. It might be added that she is the only two-minute performer to the credit of Peter the Great, something rather odd when one remembers the great army of exceedingly fast trotters he has sired.

Miss Harris M., when but a weanling, became a member

of the string of Mr. Alonzo McDonald, of Indianapolis and he kept her until she had taken a record of exactly two-minutes. His brief story of her life while in his charge is this:

"Not much was done with her in the way of training until she was two years old. I worked her on the trot that season and drove her a mile in 2:16, starting her in one race—at Dallas, Texas, where she won second money.

"As she was a filly that carried considerable weight as a trotter and was inclined to pace, I shod her light after her Dallas race and started her as a pacer. I wintered my horses at Los Angeles, Cal., and it gave me a good chance to work her. That was the year of the harness races at the San Franciso Exposition and I started her at the June meeting when she was three. She won money in the race and paced in 2:10½.

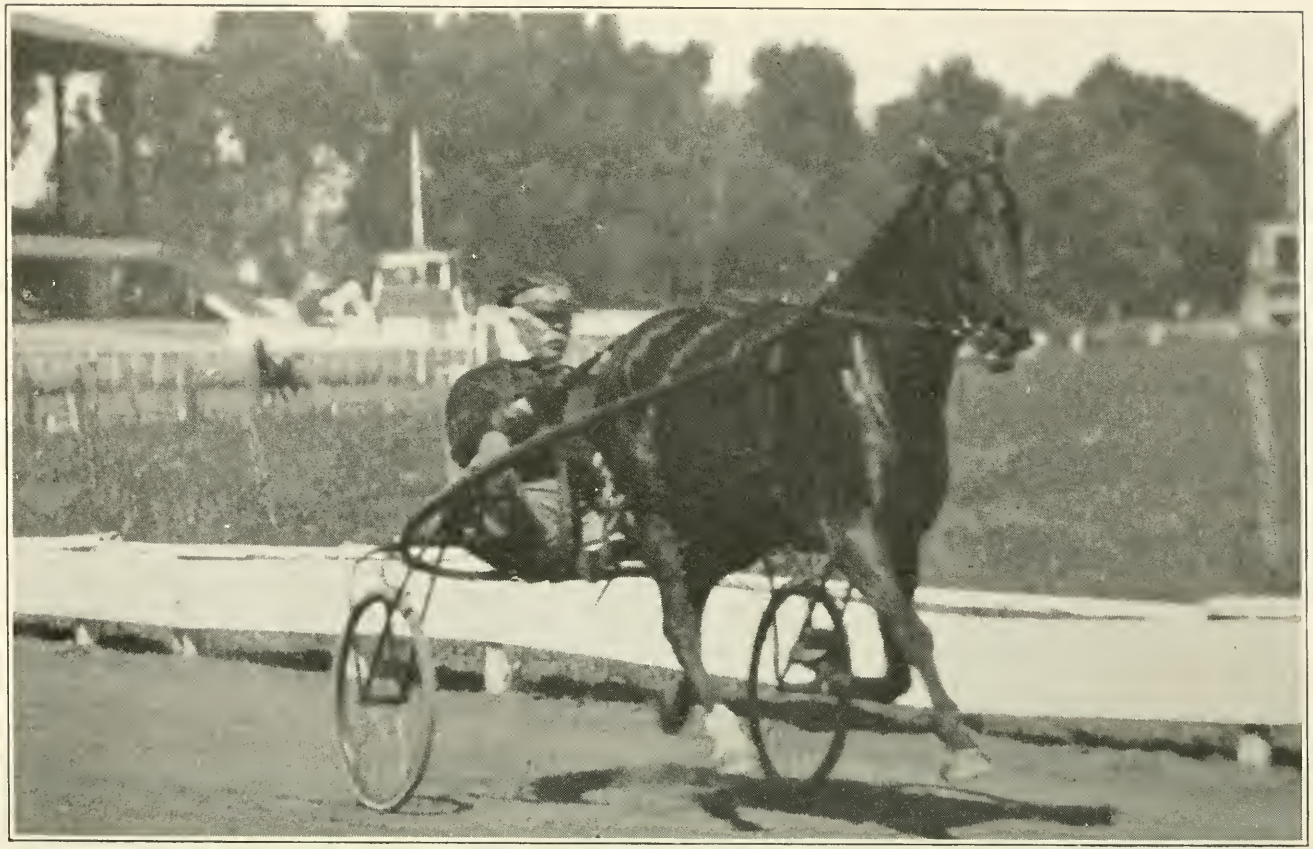
"She raced well for me in the pacing futurities on the Grand Circuit and won second money in The Horseman Stake, raced at Indianapolis and also won second money in The Horse Review Stake, raced at Columbus. In both events the time was as good as 2:04¼.

"I then sold her to Mr. S. A. Fletcher, of Indianapolis, and raced her for him the two following years, which was until she was sold. As a four-year-old she won all of the important pacing stakes on the Grand Circuit and in the Chamber of Commerce at Detroit she defeated what I think was the best field of pacers that ever raced. The time of the three miles was 2:01¼, 2:01¾, 2:04¼.

"As a five-year-old she won seven straight free-for-all races and raced several heats close to two minutes. The last race I drove her in was a match with Hal Boy at Atlanta, which she won and entered the two-minute list.

"She wore plain rigging and ordinary boots for protection. I shod her with seven ounce bars shoes in front, with leather rim pads. She carried two ounce toe weights. Behind she wore four ounce swedge shoes.

"There never was a better headed mare nor a more perfect race mare. She was always ready and willing to do her best."



Prince Loree 2:00-2:03¼—M. McDevitt

Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels
And fly like thought.
—Shakespeare.

PRINCE LOREE

CHAMPION DOUBLE-GAITED PERFORMER
2:00 PACING; 2:03¼ TROTTING

PRINCE LOREE 2:00 pacing, 2:03¼ trotting, the world's double gaited champion, was rescued from the discard and made a stake-winning trotter and a two-minute pacer by Mike McDevitt, of Berea, a suburb of Cleveland and was given his record at both gaits without hobbles. He was bought for Capt. David Shaw and raced in his colors. This brown gelding figured in the transaction which made both him and Lee Axworthy 1:58¼ members of the Pastime Stable. Prince Loree had something the matter with him. The doctors disagreed and so it came about that the colt was put into a public vendue that Homer J. Kline conducted for the Pastime Stable and others at the North Randall race track in the late fall of 1915 and was sold, on a cold, miserable day in the presence of about fifty people, to Mr. A. C. Pennock, for $50. The bid was intended to be a complimentary one as the gentleman who made it did not want the colt nor expect to get him on that bid. It was, however, not raised and the bidder paid for his purchase. Late in January 1916 Mr. McDevitt bought Prince Loree for $120 and Capt. Shaw advised turning him out for a year.

"I did not buy him to turn out, I bought him to race" was the reply of Mr. McDevitt and so the brown "pony" was sent to school. The story of his education, as told by Mr. McDevitt for publication in this volume is this:

"He was always a funny horse. We had to get him civilized before we could do anything with him. We passed that job up to Mr. Dutton, our training stable superintendent, who wouldn't 'take hold' of a horse if he was going to run through fire. I guess they had used ropes and about

everything on the little horse. It was said he threw his stifle out sometimes when he was worked. He never did but they believed he did and blistered him to cure him of it and as they made the blister very severe they always tied his tail with a rope to an overhead stringer when they applied it. That left it awfully sore and when I got him it was so sensitive that when he switched it and hit the shaft he would nearly go crazy with the pain.

"Well, Mr. Dutton just jogged him to heavy cart and let him 'slop around,' as he said it. Then Capt. Shaw took a great fancy to him and as part of his education he drove him in the matinees at North Randall all summer, giving him a record of 2:07¾, the best of the year for that track at matinee racing. And he fed him sugar every day and that helped to civilize him. I seldom sat behind him except on the days when I wanted him to step. The alleged ailment never bothered him at all except in the stall when his stifle muscles would sometimes cramp the same as a man's legs often cramp while he is in bed. He always had the cleanest legs you ever saw.

"He was the oddest horse in the world about his feet. If there was one shaving too much off of a foot he was unbalanced. He did not need so much weight but must have the right length and the proper angle. As a trotter he wore 7 ounce swedge shoes in front with 3 ounce toe weights; the toe was 3¾ inches and the angle 47½. Behind his shoes were 3 ounce plain with 3¼ toe and 53 angle. His rigging was a plain bit, check as loose as could be worn, elbow boots.

"We tried him out as a pacer for the reason that when he won the Transylvania he took a race record of 2:03¼ and that meant there would be no classes to speak of for him at the trot. I told Capt. Shaw if he would let me put him to pacing I would give him a record as fast as his trotting record. He said he did not believe I could do it but finally agreed and let me have my way. And I might say that making a pacer out of Prince Loree put a lot of these white hairs in my head.

"All my best friends, following their best judgment, gave me their advice regularly. Some would say to use a lot

of weight—my good friend Jim Clark was one of them and he was sincere about it, so were all the rest. The case had me puzzled because the little fellow had sometimes shifted to the pace in his trotting races and that made it look easy to convert him. One night as I lay in bed I heard the rain pattering on the roof and I said to myself that the track would be heavy the next day and I would try an experiment.

"I will take him to the shop, pull his shoes and work him barefooted. And I did. I shortened his toes up all round and went out with no shoes and no check and he was a pacer right then. After that I shod him with 3 ounce running horse shoes all round, his toes as short as I could get them; no boots and his head carried the same as when he trotted. You never could fool with his head. He wanted to go without any rigging and a heavy-handed man could not drive him at all because just as soon as he was taken hold of he began to mix in his gait.

"No tougher horse, I mean no more enduring horse, was ever raced. Why did he fail as a pacer? Just simply this: He's got too much brains—he did not like it; he said: 'I've paced as far as I'm going to pace' and he passed the gait up. I have said he was a funny horse. That is not quite right. He was a great horse. I think my wife is the greatest woman in the world, but I get along with her by letting her have her own way. That taught me how to develop Prince Loree. I found that I could get him to do things by letting him have his own way in certain other things. So when he decided to quit pacing I let him have his own way.

"I expected great things of him in the mile at Lexington where he took his best pacing record but the day after the race he was seriously sick of distemper so he could not have been in condition to do even as much as he did. To get him ready for that effort I worked him some miles at North Randall in 2:03½ to 2:04 and one, only, in 2:00¾. Then I shipped him to Syracuse to give him a fair mile and he paced in 2:02½. Then I sent him to Columbus and there I worked him a mile in two minutes, going around a lot of other horses and the track harrow and I figured that he would go a mile at Lexington as fast as any pacer had ever

gone. But he was off and besides the runner that went with him stopped up the stretch at the finish and the little fellow did what he always did when he had no competition—just loafed the rest of the way to the wire.

"He won the Edwards Stake at North Randall in 1921, and also won at Toledo, but he very soon showed that he did not care for the new idea and that ended his career as a pacer. It was just a matter of the gait, that is what he did not like for he was always a very steady, reliable horse as a trotter. And he is just like a big dog around the barn, he is so good natured and a better feeder never lived. I will always believe that the thing that made him cramp in the stifle was a faulty operation when he was made a gelding and that is all there is to it, and that little mishap is what eventually enabled me to get a stake trotter for $120."

Mr. McDevitt's story, so graphically told, leaves nothing to be added so far as the training of Prince Loree is concerned. But—if this were a collection of tales of the turf, page upon page could be filled with stories of the brilliant doings of the little brown pony who added to the wonderful history of the Capt. Shaw stable that had been made by Lillian R., Joan and Grace as well as Peter Mac and others.

One of those stories must not be omitted. It concerns the foray of the little trotter into and out of the "bushes," in 1918 his race in which he defeated a good field in the mud and while the race was in such slow time as 2:18¼, it took so much out of him that he was distanced the next week at Canton.

And then a feat unparalleled in the annals of the trotter. Mr. McDevitt put him in a box car and ticketed him for Syracuse, N. Y., and then told his owner what he had done. Let us pass over the scene that ensued. The intent of the box car journey was to meet an engagement in the Empire State purse of $10,000 for trotters. The only apparent excuse for the venture was that the entry had been made and was fully paid up. Evidently box car and occupant reached Syracuse in prime order, for the records tell that the "passenger" won the big stake, beating a large field including the redoubtable Ante Guy. It is said that Mr. McDevitt was

fully and freely forgiven when the late Harry Neely wired Capt. Shaw the result of the race.

And following the Syracuse race Prince Loree went jauntily about his business and won first money in the $10,000 trot at Columbus, giving him the honor of winning two of the three purses of the year of that goodly size.

He tried for the Transylvania in 1918 and Royal Mac and others beat him. He went back the next year for the same event, defeated Royal Mac and won the coveted prize. He won the Tavern Stake the same year at North Randall. He was a busy and a highly successful trotter. And it might be added that he is the only trotter that was sold for a fairly long price, discarded and sold for $50 and in spite of all his adversities became a Grand Circuit stake winner and the holder of two world's records for trotters, which he was at the close of the racing season of 1919. One was the green gelding record of 2:05¼, held jointly with Just David and the other was the fastest race heat by a gelding—2:03¼, held jointly with Early Dreams. The latter has since been lowered by Peter Manning to 2:02½ and in 1921 to 2:02¼ by Greyworthy.

The fractional time of his record mile at the pace which made him the world's champion double-gaited performer was 30, 59¾, 1:30, 2:00.

Prince Loree was foaled in 1911, was bred by the late J. H. Shults, at Portchester, N. Y., and was sired by Prince McKinney and his dam was the noted trotter Deloree 2:09¼, a daughter of Axtell's great performer, Elloree 2:08½. Walter Cox says that Prince Loree was a long ways the fastest trotting colt he had ever sat behind and as he was to go, when he sold him, into the hands of W. J. Andrews, Walter expected great things of the youngster. Failure to solve the problem of his stifle muscle "kink" made Prince Loree almost an outcast as has already been told.

Louie Grattan 2:00—Vic. Fleming

Here comes the lady. oh. so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
—Shakespeare.

LOUIE GRATTAN

Champion Canadian-Bred Pacing Mare
Record 2:00

LOUIE GRATTAN 2:00, the fastest Canadian-bred mare, enjoys a unique position among the two minute performers in that she is the only one to have paced two consecutive heats in a race in exactly two minutes each. She is one of the only two mares that have so far enrolled their names among the ultra-select, Miss Harris M. 1:58¼, being the other. And that calls to mind the peculiar fact that of the twenty two minute performers to the close of he racing season of 1921 but three are of the "gentler" sex, the third one is the pioneer two minute performer, Lou Dillon 1:58½, who has reigned as queen of the trotting turf since 1903, no other mare of her gait having beaten 2:01¼. Yet, despite the fact that the stallions and geldings have taken most of the honors among the holders of the best records, the world's race record for trotters is held by a mare, Hamburg Belle 2:01¼, and the best pacing record in a regular race is held by Miss Harris M. 1:58¼.

Mr. Vic. Fleming. of Dundas. Ont., Canada. who trained and drove Louie Grattan, tells this brief story of her career in his hands:

"In 1918 I inquired from different parties where there was a good pacer in Canada, as there has always been a good one show every year and all I talked to said there was nothing of any account that year.

"I went to Mt. Clemens, Mich., to the fall meeting, following Lexington, and saw a mare called Louie Grattan start there. Let me tell you, she could fly. But in spite of the fact that she acted awfully bad I thought she was the making

of the best pacer I had ever had, if one could get her mannered.

"I bought her about a month later for Mr. J. A. McIrvine, of Galt, Ontario, for $3,000. We took her to Mt. Clemens that winter and raced her over the ice, and in her race she acted bad and lost the first two heats but went on and won the next three and the race. Then we shipped her home to Galt, where she was prepared and we staked her over the half mile tracks. She won two or three of her early stake starts but continued to be a very, very bad actor.

"We at last concluded that she might become a better actor if raced on the mile tracks and in acting on that conclusion we shipped her to North Randall for the second Grand Circuit meeting and she arrived there about ten days before she was to race. I worked her in 2:03¾ but in her race she was again bad mannered and got beat in 2:05¼.

"Mr. McIrvine sold her that night for $1,000 to Mr. Robert Merrigold, of Hamilton, Ontario, and we shipped her back to the half-mile tracks and won the rest of the stakes in which she was engaged. Then we tried the mile tracks again. At the Columbus fall meeting she was beaten in 2:03¼ in her first race. Before I started her the following week I found she was brushing one of her knees and so I went at her shoeing and had some changes made. I had her feet made perfectly level and also equipped her with a pair of heavier knee boots.

"The changes must have done her good for when I started her the next week, the second week of the meeting, she won in 2:03¼. When we took her on to Lexington and she won both of her races. We then went on to Atlanta and she won her race there.

"That ended her first season's campaign in our stable and we took her back to Canada and jogged her all winter and in the spring prepared for another Grand Circuit campaign. After her first race at Columbus, she seemed to change her view of things generally, for from that time on, she was always a good actor and made no trouble at all.

"She wore hopples, shadow roll, knee boots and side pole. Her bridle was an open one, the bit a Blue Ribbon.

She was checked just medium but wore no check bit, just a strap under her chin.

"Her feet were level all around and the length of front toes was 3⅝ inches, her hind toes 3⅜ inches. She wore five ounce sharp swedged shoes in front and four ounce half swedged. half-round shoes behind.

"Her disposition was rather funny. She was rather nervous and she appeared to have no affection for any one in particular and did not like to have many people around her so on race days we tried to get her in a stall where there would not be many around her. The day at Lexington when she took her record, we took her to the paddock after the first warming-up mile but had to move her right out because of the crowd around her and the noise overhead. I had to get permission from the judges to cool her out in a near-by barn.

"The day we went to buy her she was in a big stall and was so nervous when she saw strangers that it took three of us to get a halter on her.

"But she was one of the best feeders I ever trained and would eat at any time or any place on or off cars."

Mr. Fleming says nothing of Louie Grattan's record race which was at Lexington, Ky., October 8th, 1920. The other starters were Sanardo, Directum J., Single G, Royal Earl and Gladys B. The Canadian champion won both heats in the same time—two minutes and the fractional time was: 29½, 59½, 1:29¾, 2:00—30½, 1:00½, 1:30¾, 2:00 showing her ability to step either end of a fast mile at better than two-minute speed.

She started out well for the racing season of 1921 and was a factor in the free-for-all races at North Randall and Kalamazoo, forcing Single G to a mile in 2:00½ at the latter place. At Toledo the first mile was paced in two minutes and she was second. At the Columbus Summer meeting she started against Single G, Hal M. and Sanardo and was second the first heat but did not race so well the remaining two heats. The next day she died quite suddenly and thus ended the career of Canada's greatest pacing mare and one of the only two of her sex in the two minute list.

The racing career of this good Canadian mare was one that would be a credit to any pacer. Her opponents were always the best in her class along the Grand Circuit and included the celebreties most of the time as is shown by those mentioned above that were beaten by her in the race which gave her a two-minute record. There never was any question as to her courage and when she became a good acting performer she could be relied upon to go to the limit of her speed and endurance whenever called upon.

She is the fastest performer descending in the direct line from Wilkes Boy, her sire being a grandson of that noted progenitor. It might be noted in this connection that the world's champion trotter gets the same blood through the sire of his dam who is a son of Grattan (son of Wilkes Boy) as is the sire of Louie Grattan.

Louie Grattan was a foal of 1913 and was a bay mare by Grattan Royal—Camilla by J. I. Case and was bred by Mr. W. H. Taylor, Park Hill, Ont., Canada.

Sanardo 1:59¾—T. W. Murphy

Moving light, as all young things
As young birds or early wheat
When the wind blows o'er it.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SANARDO

Fastest Racing Gelding of 1921
Record 1:59¾

SANARDO 1:59¾, world's champion free-legged pacing gelding, took his record in the second heat of a race at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1921, and was the fourteenth of his gait to find a place in the two minute list. He was bred for a trotter and in his colthood an effort was made to educate him to go that gait but he had other ideas, apparently, for the attempt met with no encouragement from him and the job was abandoned. He has had no other educator than Tommy Murphy, who says of him:

"He just would not learn to trot. He was a natural pacer and pace he would, no amount of care, no coaching, no shoeing and no rigging had any appreciable effect on him. He was of the same mind about trotting, I suppose as Mike McDevitt says Prince Loree was about pacing. He did not like the gait, or else he could not acquire it, or it was too hard for him, or something else. He would not learn and so I stopped trying to teach him to trot and let him have his own way as to gait, rigged him accordingly and he very soon made a very fast pacer.

"There is nothing to tell about him except what you will find in the records and that is not a little for he has been a very busy horse for three years, beginning with 1919. He is a great racing tool for what he can do and as he was compelled to show very close to two minute speed in his very first campaign and in his second and third had to be raced where nothing short of that would get any amount of

money there is ample evidence that he has been one of the very best of racing pacers, although there have been some, scattered along the years, that were faster than he has yet shown. He has probably paced as many fast race miles as any other pacer with the probable exception of Single G for, as I have already said, he has been kept quite busy and the mile I drove him in 2:02½ at Syracuse, in 1918, merely for a record one at the same track in 2:01½ in 1920, and one at Atlanta in 1:59¾, are his only heats against time."

As Mr. Murphy says, Sanardo most surely has been kept quite busy and his list of race starts has grown to be quite formidable. When his education at the pace appeared to have reached a stage satisfactory to himself and to his trainer he was entered in many stakes through the Grand Circuit and, having shown, in 1918 that he had the necessary speed and manners, by his mile at Syracuse, he was quite naturally expected to render a good account for himself at the races. It is but simple truth to say that he did quite well for he ended the season with a race record, in a winning effort, of 2:00½, which made him the champion five-year-old pacing gelding, as well as the champion free-legged pacing gelding.

While circumstances have combined to deprive Sanardo of the bravos that are bestowed upon most two minute performers, it is safe to say that in the distant future when the student of the history of light-harness racing comes to the career of the dapper, unsexed son of San Francisco, he will more than pause to scan it, for he will discover that up to his time, at least, there were few that were more reliable, not many did more to make race history and none that were more useful. When he got around to it the speed and courage of a Single G were necessary to encompass his defeat and, as will be seen as the reader goes on with this sketch, he was the one that made the winner of the fastest three consecutive pacing heats "go out and do it." Many who are not close observers entirely overlook the second horse in a great race, but there would be no great races if he were not there and while no one would attempt to rob the winner of a record-breaking, record-making race of an iota of the credit due

him, there is always glory enough to reach all concerned and certainly the second horse must have his just share and that share is a liberal one, always. So, we say, while Sanardo has not been praised in song and story to any great extent, those who know race-horse quality have all along given him the praise that is justly his and that is no small portion. He has been a worthy representative of a great tribe albeit he declined to adopt the gait to which he was supposed to be bred.

It may be well, at this point, to put in something in the way of details as to the racing career of this gelding who is a champion and as the pages are turned it will be disclosed that what has been said heretofore is in no sense fulsome praise but a deserved tribute to a great little horse.

His first start was made at North Randall, July, 1919, and with the exception of a special against John R. Braden and others at Allentown, Pa., in 1920, he has done his big game hunting entirely on the Grand Circuit.

After a careful preparation with the Grand Circuit stake races in view Sanardo was taken to the races, for the first time, in 1919 and in the course of that season was a starter and, with the exception of one event, a real contender in fourteen races in which the time of the heats ranged from 2:00½ to 2:09¼ but mostly better than 2:06. He won ten of the sixteen and in the fourteenth took a record of 2:00½, which was then and at the beginning of 1922, still remains the world's record for a five-year-old pacing gelding. That race was one of the best ever paced anywhere. As already stated, Sanardo won the opening heat in 2:00½; the second went to Adioo Guy in 2:00¾ and Sanardo won the third and final round in 2:03½, making the average time of the three heats a trifle slower than 2:01½. The following week he beat Adioo Guy in straight heats, pacing the opening one in 2:01¼ and at Atlanta he paced the second heat in 2:01, when he gained a three heat victory over Grace Direct. The season was a most successful one, despite a few unexpected obstacles which included the good Goldie Todd and Roy Grattan as well as Grace Direct. But he triumphed on a majority of his public appearances.

The campaign of 1920 was just as creditable to Sanardo as was that which he made the previous year, though the rewards were by no means so great. There was no class but the free-for-all for him, with his record of 2:00½ and the perennial Single G was to be reckoned with. The fortunes of war found that great pacer as good as ever, perhaps improved and Sanardo was able to score a victory over him but once and that was at Columbus. But his most sparkling performance was a losing effort. Of that more will be said a little further along for it is well worthy extended mention.

His starts for the season numbered eleven in races and once against time and his name was placed at the head of the summary in five. He got away to a bad start, so to speak, and in his first two races was not at anything near his best. But he had his right foot forward in his third start, which was at Columbus and there he scored over Single G. The first mile was paced in the always creditable time of 2:01 and Single G was the winner. In the second heat a stretch brush of amazing swiftness gave the victory to Sanardo and he won the third heat in slow time. The second mile was in 2:03½ and the final quarter was in 29½ seconds. He won at Toledo's second meeting and won at Readville and Hartford. To add to his experiences he was taken to Allentown, Pa., to try conclusions over the half-mile track there with some of the pacers who had been making history over the minor ovals. John R. Braden won the first heat in 2:06¼ and Sanardo wound up the entertainment by winning the second and third heats, pacing each of them in 2:05¾, which was a pretty fair performance for a pacer who had no half-mile track experience. After that he was taken to Columbus and was beaten that time by Single G. Then he paced two of the best races of his career, one of them, already merely referred to, about the best he has so far paced. The first one was at Lexington. In it he was second in both heats to Louie Grattan, forcing her to pace each heat in exactly two minutes. The time of those miles by quarters will show that there was some pacing speed on tap. The first half of the first mile was paced in 59½ seconds and the last half of the second mile was also covered at that rate and at the end

of both Louie Grattan had "a shade" as the newspaper decision of a boxing match has it.

The race at Atlanta is the one heretofore mentioned as a great performance for a loser. Again it was Single G to start against. There may be something in the belief that certain horses get cunning enough to discover those they can defeat and will come to the point at which they refuse to try against them. Maybe Sanardo is "horse blind" and cannot distinguish between the ones he can beat and the ones that are his masters. At all events he appeared to have lost none of his courage, for at the end of the argument it was found that he had forced the winner to set a new world's record for three consecutive heats,—that is, three heats won by one horse,—and the figures were 1:59, 2:00, 2:00¼. Mr. Ed. Allen, who drove Single G in that race, testifies in his story of Single G elsewhere in this volume, that Sanardo was the pacemaker, and that makes his performance all the more creditable and shows that he merely succumbed to superior speed.

He was not able, in 1921, to win an argument from Single G, and he found another tough problem in Hal Mahone, who beat him in a great race at North Randall in which the time was slow, for the mile in the second and third heats, but in which every final quarter was paced in 29¼ to 29½ seconds. The first heat went to Sanardo in 2:01¾. It was late when he evened up matters with Hal Mahone but he did it in good style by beating him two races at Lexington. There were five miles paced in the two races, Hal Mahone winning the second heat of the second race, and the average time of the five was 2:02½.

One of the best races of the year was paced by Sanardo, and won, at the New York State Fair, and in that race he became a member of the colony of two-minute pacers, taking a record of 1:59¾ in the second heat. That race gave him the honor of holding the world's record for a three-heat race by a gelding. At Atlanta he was started to beat 1:59, the track record, and while he did not succeed he did pace the mile in 1:59¾, and that ended his work for the year. His score shows that in the three years he has been raced

he has started in thirty-eight events, of which he has won nineteen—exactly one-half.

He raced about as lightly-equipped as to boots as any horse can go, wearing nothing but quarter boots. He was shod in front with 4½ ounce bar shoes, swedged and with full pads and sponges. His hind shoes were full swedged bar and weighed the same as his front shoes. The front toes were 3⅝ inches with 48 angle and the hind toes were 3½ inches with 52 angles. An open bridle and plain Stalker bit completed his equipment.

Sanardo is a bay gelding, foaled in 1914, and was sired by San Francisco, and his dam is Andorra by Mobel. He was bred by Walnut Hall Farm, Donerail, Ky.

William 1:59½ to Wagon—Mr. C. K. G. Billings

MR. C. K. G. BILLINGS

World's Leading Amateur Driver Whose Two-Minute Miles are Championships

NO work of this nature would be complete if it omitted mention of the miles in two-minutes or better that have been driven by the distinguished amateur Mr. C. K. G. Billings, whose record in that respect stands alone.

As is, perhaps, well known, Mr. Billings did not race his horses for purses. They were what may best be described in the language of the day as "fun" horses, and that included Lou Dillon, Uhlan and William, as well as the trotters and pacers he owned that were not so well known.

He delighted to exhibit his great horses for the entertainment of the public and that public owe him a debt of gratitude that is not easily paid. His horses were trained and shipped at much expense to many points and it can be said for them that they seldom disappointed.

In the course of the period in which Mr. Billings maintained his stable of matinee horses, he had the pleasure of riding three different miles in two-minutes or better, something no other amateur ever even approached. He drove to wagon on these three occasions and the miles were as follows: Lou Dillon 2:00; Uhlan 2:00, both of which are world's records and William, pacer, 1:59½ which is the world's amateur record.

When in 1903 Lou Dillon trotted her two-minute mile to wagon at Memphis, Tenn., with Mr. Billings driving the best previous record for a trotter at that style of hitch was her own 2:01¾ which she had made at Lexington, with Mr. Billings driving. The two-minute mile still stands as the world's record for trotters to wagon, Uhlan having tied, but not beaten, it in 1911. Both the record of Lou Dillon and that of Uhlan are double records, no professional ever having driven a trotter to wagon as fast as two-minutes in a public

trial. The next best performance by a trotter to wagon with amateur driver is the 2:02¾ of Lee Axworthy which mile was trotted at Lexington, Ky., in 1916 with Mr. H. K. Devereux driving.

In addition to his two-minute miles Mr. Billings holds the race record for trotters to wagon, Lou Dillon having given him a race ride in 2:04¾ and as she won both heats of her race in that time, that performance gives Mr. Billings the credit of having driven the fastest two-heat race to wagon, by a trotter.

Lou Dillon became his property in 1903 and he never sold her. Uhlan he purchased in 1910 and the gelding remains his property. Both were taken to California some years ago to spend the remainder of their days. William was kept but a year and was sold to Mr. George Crouch of Lafayette, Ind., going back into the hands of Billy Marvin, the man who brought him out.

THE TROTTING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN FEET

Lou Dillon	at 44.556 ft. per second	trotted 5280	feet in	1:58½
Cresceus	at 43.19 ft. per second	trotted 5118	feet in	1:58½
	Lou Dillon beat Cresceus	162	feet	
Uhlan	at 44.755 ft. per second	trotted 5280	feet in	1:58
Lou Dillon	at 44.566 ft. per second	trotted 5257.6	feet in	1:58
	Uhlan beat Lou Dillon	22.4	feet	
Peter Manning	at 44.84 ft. per second	trotted 5280	feet in	1:57¾
Uhlan	at 44.755 ft. per second	trotted 5268.88	feet in	1:57¾
	Peter Manning beat Uhlan	11.12	feet	

SINGLE G 1:59—CURT GOSNELL

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION TWO-MINUTE HORSE TRADE

Involving Lee Axworthy 1:58¼ and Prince Loree 2:00

From an interview accorded especially for publication in this volume.

WHEN in the early summer of 1913 Walter Cox traded two two-year-old colts to the Pastime Stable for Sir Thomas Lipton 2:12¼ and $2.000, there was consummated the only deal so far recorded in the history of the trotter in which two two-minute performers, both great race horses, were concerned. The colts were not then two-minute horses—indeed they were just colts, and there was no indication, at that time, that either of them would ever be worth their keep. In fact, both came very close to fading into obscurity when they were three-year-olds. But it is undoubtedly true that given the opportunity true greatness always asserts itself. At all events the two colts became great performers, for one was Lee Axworthy 1:58¼, world's champion trotting stallion, and the other was Prince Loree 2:03¼ trotting, 2:00 pacing, a Grand Circuit stake winner at both gaits and also a world's champion.

The details of this famous horse trade as they will now be presented were furnished by Mr. P. W. Harvey, of Cleveland, a member of the racing syndicate known as the Pastime Stable.

The members of that now famous syndicate had no colt training ideas in mind when they began in a small way with a racing stable on the Grand Circuit. They had made a beginning by purchasing among others the trotter Sir Thomas Lipton, which in his races the year prior to his sale to the Cleveland people had made himself look like a "bear cat." He was one, but not at the races. W. J. Andrews was installed as trainer. At a time when no particular

policy had been adopted Walter Cox endeavored to sell a little bay colt to the syndicate. His horses were at the North Randall track getting ready for the opening meeting of the Grand Circuit the first week in July, 1913. As had always been their custom when Walter arrived the Pastime folks inspected his horses in their stalls and then watched them in their work. On this particular year Walter endeavored to interest them in the little bay colt. They saw him out on the track one day and Walter was unable to direct his attention to anything pertaining to the race course. Instead he gazed at the birds, looked over the fence, pricked up his ears at the grey team pulling a float, strutted airily as a piece of paper passed him flying in the wind; indeed did everything but take heed of his lesson. No colt had a better time, no colt took training less seriously. And that apparently settled one fact—that he would never become a member of the Pastime string.

In due time came the Detroit meeting and Mr. Coburn Haskell and Mr. P. W. Harvey, of the Pastime syndicate, attended. One morning Walter hailed them and said: "I'm going to give that colt a record today." And he did. The mile was trotted in 2:28 or slower and the colt did not make more than two breaks. After the performance Walter found his prospective customers and inquired: "How do you like him?" The only possible reply was made and it was in substance: "There is nothing about him to like."

But Walter must have seen something in him to like for he talked about him as though he believed he had a fairly bright future and he did not let anything in the way of a rebuff move him from his determination. The Cleveland gentlemen were leaving Detroit that evening. As they neared the door of their hotel on the way to the night boat they met Walter again and his query to them was: "Ain't you fellows going to buy that colt?" The answer was the familiar two-letter word. "Well," he retorted, "you ought to, and I've got another one up home, the same age; he's a corker. Had to make a gelding of him or I'd have him along. I'll sell you either of them for $1500 or I'll sell you both of them for $2500."

And one of the syndicate gentlemen ventured the opinion that the price was too high for "that little scrub;" then he went on to say: "I will tell you what we will do. We have a great race horse, Sir Thomas Lipton. But he is a puzzle to us. What he needs is some one to solve him. He went some great races but 'Billy' cannot solve his problem. We will trade you that horse for your two colts."

"Like hell you will," retorted Walter, then added: "I suppose a problem Bill Andrews can't solve would be dead easy for me."

He was quiet for a moment and then said: "I'll give you those two colts for Sir Thomas Lipton and $2,000; is it a trade or not?"

"Good night!" shouted both of the Cleveland men and away they rushed for their boat. The night was a fine one and they sat on deck until late talking about the colts. Sir Thomas Lipton had become a veritable thorn in the flesh, and that means the flesh of everybody who had anything to do with him, and they were ready to bid him farewell with never a tear in any eye. Besides the fact appeared to have stuck in the heads of the men on the boat that there must be something about the colts that was worth while. They were more than well bred and in addition here was a chance to get two colts for no great sum and at the same time pull the thorn before every one was compelled to treat festered wounds. They might not make the situation any better but they could not possibly make it any worse. Then again, it is not unlikely that something Walter had said about the black colt back at Dover had taken pretty deep root and made them want him. These two had wanted colts; Billy Andrews had wanted colts. So next morning they hurried to North Randall to take the matter up with Mr. Devereux, another member of the Pastime Syndicate. They told him of the offer they had made and of the counter proposition and urged that with two colts they would have something to look forward to. After a certain amount of deliberation Mr. Devereux said: "Walter likes a gamble: wire him you will toss a coin to decide whether we give him $1500 or $2000 to boot."

The telegram was sent and then Mr. Andrews was called by telephone for the purpose of talking it over with him. He furnished this information: "I was driving a race this afternoon and had dismounted and was on my way to the barn when I heard some one hailing me as if he had a life or death matter on his hands. He was waving a telegram at me and I saw it was Cox. He was coming on the dead run. He showed me the message from you, pulled a quarter out of his pocket, flipped it up and you owe him $2,000."

That week in company with Uncle Biff and Robert Milroi the "little scrub" was shipped by boat from Detroit to Cleveland, and so Lee Axworthy became a member of the Pastime Stable. There was more or less concern as to how the youngster would stand the awful morning racket at the Cleveland dock and the overland journey to North Randall through the great traffic of the Ohio metropolis. Henry Knowles was commissioned to lead him or have him led behind his light wagon, and no horse ever had so good a time. The racket at the dock interested him greatly, there was much to see on the way to North Randall, and through it all Lee Axworthy toddled along, missing nothing and never showing the slightest sign of fright. It might be stated here that he was just that way all his life and as Ben White says in his story about him in this volume he was a good feeder and a good doer, always and everywhere. More of that appears further along in this story.

The little fellow was put in Mr. Devereux's barn and Harvey Shorts exercised him until fall. Once a week or oftener Mr. Harvey drove him and he says that he never was able to drive him a full mile at the trot. He did not know he was at school or else he did not know that Mr. Harvey was the teacher. Finally, one day, the colt allowed himself to be "shooed" around the mile track in about 2:50 and in that mile there flashed the first ray of hope. The colt had trotted into the stretch and was nearing the seven-eighths pole when he suddenly turned on some steam. His teacher looked down to see if he was running or had stuck to the trot and finding him trotting wondered what had changed him so suddenly. Ahead he saw the white horses pulling a

harrow and thought they had caused the commotion; just then he heard a horse coming at them from behind, one that was stepping at a fast clip. The horse behind and Lee Axworthy reached the wire together—the other was the fast mare Ruby K. with M. McDevitt driving. Mike inquired the name of the little fellow and when he was told he was a two-year-old that had recently been bought he expressed his doubt with the familiar expression, "Go on," and went his way. Two weeks later Harvey Shorts reported that he had the same experience except that he had been carried to the quarter pole from the wire. These two little incidents were believed to be proof that Walter Cox had been shown something of the same kind or he would not have kept on training the colt.

That fall the colt was shipped with the other horse to Thomasville and while he was worked with steadily, the last of March had arrived before Mr. Andrews was able to get him to go a full mile on the trot. He simply would not learn. Side poles, side straps and everything that appeared to be worth while found a place in his rigging at some time during the winter and early spring. Billy Andrews had a fertile brain and he would try anything that appeared to have a reason for its use. Along in late March or perhaps it was in April the colt trotted a mile in about 2:30 and never lifted his nose. When his trainer brought him in he exultantly shouted: "I've got him". From that time on he made but one break in a race, which was at Kalamazoo when he was bumped into in a stake for three-year-olds. He made two or three breaks in scoring that day but that was in efforts to get away from a bad actor.

From all of which it appears that with Lee Axworthy it was not so much a matter of rigging to make him trot as it was a matter of inclination. It may be that Mr. Andrews finally got him "hung up" so that he was quite comfortable and he is entitled to great credit for his perseverance and his display of great ability for without them Lee Axworthy would have been sold at work horse price. But there may be something in the belief that the colt suddenly discovered that he had a career before him and that having had his play

he was ready for carrying out the intention of Nature and he went at it in splendid style.

In this connection it is well worth while to tell the story which Charles ("Doc") Tanner loves so well to tell on himself. To fully understand its import one must remember that "Billy" Andrews appeared to have set his heart on making a trotter of Lee Axworthy and the mental torture through which he suffered was not suspected at the time, nor will some of the inside history of the matter ever be disclosed because it is nobody's business. Be that as it may, Tanner took a great interest in everything connected with the winter training operations at Thomasville and he had, with his keen eye, discovered that Andrews had a tough problem not only but that he had evidently made up his mind that he would solve it or die in the attempt.

One day, it was about the middle of March, Tanner took "Billy" to one side, led him to a secluded spot back of the barn where no other ears could catch a word and said to him:

"Don't take these fellows' money for training a thing like that; he is nothing but a piece of meat; put a halter on him, hand it to the first black man that comes along and tell him to lead him as far away as he can go and keep him."

History does not record what Andrews said in reply but it does bear in plain words the fact that inside of a very few days the "piece of meat" set his head and went to trotting and it further records that what he finally did was far more and far greater than any other stallion ever did.

He took a record of 2:08 in his first race, which was as a three-year-old, and he never needed any racing education. But, great doer and hearty feeder as he was, he had some periods of ailing that, while never particularly serious, did cause a heap of anxiety and sometimes required patient treatment. One of the anxious hours was at North Randall when he warmed up for the first race of his four-year-old career and suddenly went lame behind, unable to put one hind foot to the ground. Mr. Andrews tried to draw him and went to the judges—for the race had been called—and made his request. Under the rules he was required to

bring the trotter out for inspection, and was asked to take him up the stretch a short distance, turn him and jog to the wire. He did as directed and the second time he turned him the lameness disappeared, the colt started and won, trotting to a record of 2:05¼ and did not take another lame step.

That was not to be the end of his troubles. The next morning a flabby swelling appeared on the inside of his right fore leg extending across the right side of his breast and down to the knees. That was a new one on all concerned but finally it was decided to try to steam it out and that plan worked all right. It was a new experience for Lee but it is recorded that from the very first he never as much as moved a foot and would stand for hours taking the treatment.

He was a veritable hog for feed. He would go at his oats so ravenously that they would be thrown out of the feed box into the bedding all around him. But he did not allow them to go to waste. After he had cleared the feed box he would put in the rest of the time, if nothing else was asked of him, rooting around in the bedding until he found and ate the very last of the spilled oats.

There are innumerable stories about him and some of them in addition to the above will be found in the chapter in this volume dealing with his training but to those who owned him and who knew him best, the most marvelous thing about him was that he was a perfect racing tool from the very beginning and that was best exemplified in his winning race for the M. and M. Purse at Detroit. He took the lead at the word in the first heat and kept it. In the second heat he got the word with enough horses ahead of him to compel him to race in the bunch and there he stayed until well into the stretch when he was pulled out and won at the wire from Peter Scott. The third heat Peter McCormick went away in the lead and Lee contentedly trailed him until time to set sail for the money and won heat and race.

There might be written some interesting Lee Axworthy-"Billy" Andrews stories about that big event in the lives of both but perhaps it will be just as well to say that after the first heat "Billy" was quite downcast though he had won the round for he declared that the clip in the stretch had made

his horse try to go to a pace. But after the second heat in 2:04¾ he was smiles all over and from that day never lost faith in his great pupil.

In closing, the sad chapter written by fate in the lives of this great man and horse at the New York State Fair may be briefly mentioned. The day was one of sizzling heat and Lee had an attack similar to blind staggers after winning the first heat in 2:05¼. Mr. Andrews tried to draw him but failed to get the consent of the judges and it was with extreme difficulty that the horse was brought on the track for the second heat. But when he got out where the business in hand was to be looked after he pointed his ears, scored up like the real trotter he was and won the second heat. And then his driver said: "No matter what happens to me I'm going to let this little horse go where wants to go in this third heat; I do not intend to drive him a step nor speak to him." He kept his word and in spite of that was beaten but a short neck. The loss of the heat made no material difference for it was a three-heat event and had been won in the first two heats.

Lee Axworthy recovered from the experiences of that day but Mr. Andrews did not and they practically ended his career as one of the greatest trainers ever identified with the light-harness horse.

Prince Loree, as already stated, passed to the hands of Mike McDevitt and he, too, became a world's champion with a trotting race record of 2:03¼ and a pacing record of 2:00, making him the world's double-gaited champion.

2:00

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